

THE

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APPROACHING TAOS

MOUNT WHEELER IN THE DISTANCE

TAOS—A UNIQUE COLONY OF ARTISTS

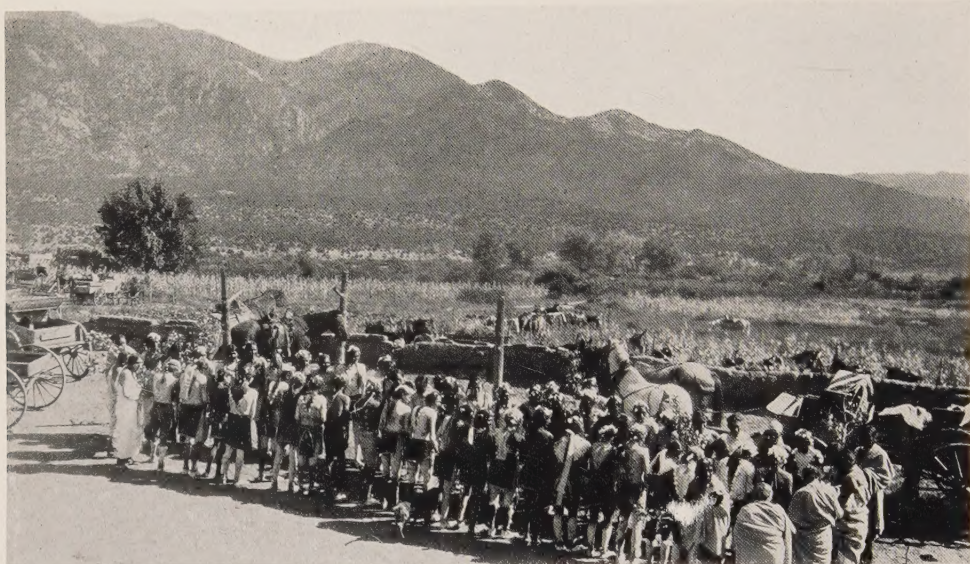
BY FRED HAMILTON RINDGE

NO WONDER Taos, New Mexico, boasts the oldest art colony West of the Mississippi! Here is a charming bit of old Spain set down in a sagebrush desert, 7,000 feet above the sea, and overlooked by giant mountains rising 13,000 feet into the turquoise sky. Here, through the changing seasons, is a riot of color—a veritable fairyland for wielders of the brush. Here are “subjects” galore—superb scenery, picturesque Indians, charming Spanish-Americans, unusual “types,” characteristic architecture. Near at hand is the Mexican village of Ranchos de Taos, with its fine

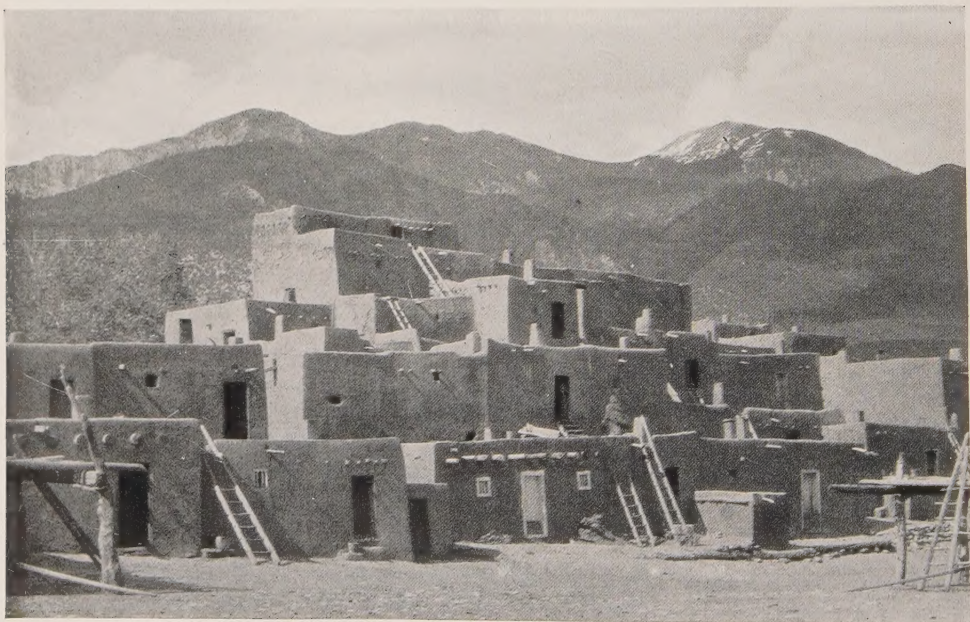
old church, built in 1806. Two miles north is the most wonderful Pueblo structure in the United States.

For nearly 400 years this adobe village has successfully withstood the attacks of the weather and the inroads of “paleface civilization.” The two great community houses, rising tier upon tier to form diminishing terraces, shelter over 700 of the finest Indians in America.

These redmen still cling tenaciously to their ancient customs and ceremonies, and frequently perform their picturesque dances—much to the delight of the Taos artists.



NATIVE SCENE AT TAOS. RUNNERS LINED UP BEFORE THE RACE TO BE TOUCHED WITH EAGLE FEATHERS TO MAKE THEM SWIFT



THE GREAT PUEBLO OF TAOS WHERE THE ARTISTS FROM THE TOWN OF TAOS FIND MANY OF THEIR "SUBJECTS"

Even on St. Geronimo Day, September 30, when many hundreds of other Indians and tourists visit the old pueblo, the Taos people perform the rites of their forefathers, as though they were in another world. While the old church bell tolls, there emerge from the "Kivas" (underground ceremonial chambers) numerous figures, clad in characteristic white and colored blankets and holding quivering golden aspen twigs in their hands. Chanting in their own indescribable way, they shuffle along shoulder to shoulder in their religious dance. Later the runners come from their secret quarters, nude except for breechclouts, gaily painted, with eagle feathers stuck in their hair. The quarter-mile course is lined with eager spectators. The relay race begins—thirty on a side, running in their bare feet with a speed which belies theories of the "degeneration" of the Indian. Old men, with branches, spur on the participants. First one side is ahead, then the other. The adobe roofs fairly crack under the strain of many visitors, clad in every hue. What a scene it is! Let us slip away from the crowd and view it all through the cottonwoods, across the cornfields and the reflections of the little Taos River. Here, indeed, is rich material for the painter!

We may eat our lunch beside the stream in Glorieta Canyon, glimpse the masses of green and red and yellow creeping up the mountains, watch the clouds sailing over the giant peaks splashed with snow, fling pebbles at the scurrying trout in yonder pool. Then return to the pueblo and observe the humorous antics of the "Chifonetti" as they climb the slippery pole after the goodies on top. But we will not fail to revisit the village at moonlight, when the tourists have departed, and silent white robed figures stand silhouetted on the housetops; when the beat of the tom-tom once more drowns the rippling waters and summons the dancers for their final prayer. One feels that they are indeed keeping time with the ages. Would you not like to be an artist in Taos?

Here, through the years, have come the Spanish conquerors, Franciscan Friars, Mexican soldiers, and American scouts. And today one may see Kit Carson's house and grave, and recall the eventful days of that hardy frontiersman. Here also, as late as

1847, occurred a serious rebellion in which the American governor was killed by infuriated Indians. Just one hundred years ago the first covered wagons meandered over the old Santa Fé Trail to the historic town. This year the event was commemorated by a parade of "old-timers" clad in the garb of their heroic ancestors.

It was in 1898 that the first artist pioneers arrived—Joseph Henry Sharp, Bert Phillips and Ernest L. Blumenschein. They had planned to make a tour of the various pueblos—but Taos stopped them! Why seek further? Wagons and outfits were sold. Phillips built himself a house on the road to the Indian pueblo, and was the first to really "settle down." It was lonely and he urged others to join him. Sharp and Blumenschein, who had left for a time, returned. O. E. Berninghaus and E. Irving Couse followed. Later came Walter Ufer, Victor Higgins and others. A real art colony was gradually formed, inevitably attracted by New Mexican scenery, the superb climate, and the ever-present Indian.

Sharp had already spent considerable time among the Crows of Montana, and became an expert in painting close-ups of the red-man. He shared the very life of his primitive models—even in winter's severest cold—to perfect his portraits and backgrounds. His first studio was an abandoned Penitente Church, which has since been made into a most attractive home. Across the abundant flower garden is a commodious studio, fairly alive with Indians, so realistic that they almost walk from their frames to greet you. Here is a large tepee, and a big fireplace where some of the finest firelight portraits are made. In spite of his partial deafness, Sharp always maintains his unbounded optimism and sweet spirit. Some of his important groups hang in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington and in the University of California.

Bert Phillips has for years been close to nature—at one time, trouble with his eyes forced him to abandon the brush for the saddle, and he became a forest ranger. During these four years the mountains and valleys sank into his very soul. His wonderful moonlight effects are doubtless based on these intimate experiences. The "Moonlight Lake Song" is a superb example—an Indian sitting on a great rock playing his



THE TRIBAL HISTORIAN

A PAINTING

J. H. SHARP



THE POTTERY MAKER

A PAINTING

E. IRVING COUSE

flute to the silvery ripples, and surrounded by the lovely colors of autumn forests. Phillips made one trip with twenty-five Indians from Taos to Trinidad, and was deeply impressed with the speed with which they set up their camp, every man to his allotted task. A recent picture of a tepee scene in the firelight recalls these earlier experiences. One of his most notable achievements, a group of Indian figures, is in the courthouse at Des Moines, Iowa.

Blumenschein's paintings impress one with their harmony of line and color, and their decorative effect. Some years ago his "Wise-man, Warrior, Youth" won the Isidor Gold Medal at the National Academy. "The Peacemaker" is bound together by the extended arm above his two groups, and the deep canyon of the Rio Grande below—a most pleasing composition. "Superstition" received the first Altman Prize of \$1,000 in 1922, at the National Academy of Design in New York. It has since travelled about the world, reaching Venice in 1924, and is going to South America next season.

Couse has poetically interpreted the Indian's mood in his romantic pictures like "Fireside Meditation," "Camping Place," "The Pottery Maker," "Early Moonlight," etc. His work has merited wide success, and shows the results of his careful training in Paris. Some of his Indian types hang in the National Gallery at Washington, the Detroit Museum and other prominent places.

Walter Ufer has captured honors and medals for the last ten years. His strength, versatility and enthusiasm are remarkable. In every canvas one feels the vastness and power of the West. Ufer was the first western man to win a prize in the National Academy. His "Solemn Pledge—Taos Indians" hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago, and his "In the Land of Mañana" was purchased by the Union League Club of the same city. "Suzanne and Her Sisters" carried away an International Exhibition Prize from the Carnegie Institute, and is now in Baltimore's Art Museum. "Hunger," is a striking presentation of the strange Penitentes, who still worship in remote places and torture themselves with cactus whips until the blood flows. It is interesting that Ufer's present studio is a remodeled chapel.

W. Herbert Dunton is well-known for his cowboy and Indian pictures, and has never spared himself in securing realistic effects. More than once has he faced a severe snow-storm with his models and outfit, anchored his canvas to large boulders, and defied the cold in his attempt to be absolutely accurate.

In 1912 the Taos Society of Artists was formed. Its active membership is confined to American citizens who have resided at least three years in Taos and whose pictures have been received in leading exhibitions. Victor Higgins, whose scenic and flower pictures have been admired by thousands, is at present secretary of the Society. In addition to Sharp, Phillips, Couse and Ufer,



VICTOR HIGGINS, SECRETARY OF THE TAOS SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



UP THE CANYON TO TAOS

active membership now includes O. E. Berninghaus, Julius Rolshoven, E. Martin Hennings, and Catherine Critcher. Associate members are Robert Henri of New York; B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Gustave Baumann, and Randall Davey of Santa Fé; Albert Groll, and Birger Sandzen. It would be impossible to overestimate the contributions which these people have made in accurately interpreting our American Southwest and its Indians to the world.

During the war the Taos artists gave generously of time and money, served on United War Work Committees, designed posters, and presented their canvases to Red Cross bazars. Probably their most individual work was the creation of "range-finder paintings"—great landscapes of France and Belgium, 50 by 100 feet. These were used to teach students how to locate strategic points in a given sector, how to draw military maps and to find the enemy; and were highly praised by army experts. The artist colony in Santa Fé has also made large contributions since the war, and is today rivaling the Taos group in many ways.

It is significant that the Taos Society of Artists was the first to be recognized as an entity and given a special commission. The great mural decorations in the beautiful

\$7,000,000 capitol at Jefferson City, Missouri, were painted on request by seven of the Society's members. The new Harwood Studio at Taos offers a splendid place for frequent exhibitions. Visitors to the little town are always welcome at the studios of individual artists late in the afternoon, or preferably by appointment.

The colony numbers other splendid artists like Leon Gaspard, Ralph Myers and Blanche Grant. Its members have won prizes every year since 1916. One is impressed with the downright sincerity of all these men and women, and with their real love for New Mexico. Their life work means more to them than it does to most people. They have a high standard and recognized talent. Their art is admired not only for its technique, but also for its interpretation of the redman's symbolism and traditions. In this particular type of work the artists tackle their most difficult problems. Yet, where they succeed, they create priceless records of the Indian's past—a past which is all too readily lost in the onrush of our materialistic civilization. Although each painter is entirely independent in method and expression, all are striving for the same great objective. They are producers in the best sense of the word, and are inevitably

preserving for humanity the finest characteristics of the Pueblo Indian. Not only are they making distinct contributions to art

in general; they are also enriching our national life by their utter devotion to a great cause!



COURTESY ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

MEXICAN BOWL, MADE ABOUT 1750 AT PUEBLO

MEXICAN FAIENCE

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH

WITH THE recent widespread interest in all things pertaining to old Mexico, collectors have begun to gather together and exhibit the beautiful tin-enamelled pottery made in Mexico during the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Much of this pottery was made by Maya Indians under the supervision of the Spaniard conquerors. It shows the rare artistic skill of the natives of the country as applied to European materials and designs. The rapidity with which the Indians learned the trade of maiolica-making was disconcerting

to the Spaniards, who could not realize that these workmen were at a racial stage when handicraft is most expert.

Within fifty years of its beginning, the industry had reached such heights in Mexico, and especially in Puebla, that professional pride had developed. A potters guild was established in 1676. Only accredited potters might play their trade, and they were under a rigid set of rules. Two grades of faience were permitted, coarse and fine. Of the coarse ware, which was used by the poor people and in the kitchens of the rich, there



MEXICAN URN MADE IN 1790

were three varieties. The first was the plain white ware of which very little has survived. The second was white painted with blue in rather ordinary patterns. The third was the *aborrado* or blotted ware, in which the blue design was allowed to run in the enamel.

The fine ware had three varieties also, of a much more interesting origin. The first was the white ware, painted in blue and touched up with black. This was the most commonly used before 1700. From 1600 to 1780 the second sort of fine ware was manufactured, an imitation of the wares of Talavera, Spain, in polychrome. Five colors were used, yellow, blue, red, black and white, with an amazing variety of effect. The third variety was an imitation of Chinese wares, and flourished from 1650 to 1800. Just how faience with a Chinese influence came to be made by Indians under Spanish masters is only understandable when we recall the tremendous vogue for everything Chinese in those days. It was all the rage and had been ever since Marco Polo's exploits.

After 1800 the influence of the guild declined and a strong native impulse began to be felt, originating from the Pueblan factories. The colors became more gaudy and the forms less subtle. The Spanish

blood had become irretrievably mixed, and the distinction between teacher and workman had vanished. The individual designs, Chinese, Spanish, Moorsque, and Mayan still continue in modified forms, but they are all amalgamated into one style. No better example ever could be found of the manner in which the elements of design outlast time and distance.

The Herbert Pickering Lewis collection of Mexican pottery, recently presented to the Art Institute of Chicago, contains many examples of each sort of pottery made in the native factories between 1600 and 1850. A great variety of huge basins and jars is included, which by reason of the superior enamelling and hardness of the native ware have outlasted centuries of daily use. Two of the great urns used for living plants in the courtyards of homes, are illustrated. One, dated 1680, is Spanish in design, blue on a cream ground. The other, made in 1790, shows how beautiful a Chinese pattern may be when modified by the traits of two other races. It is blue and black on a ground of white. The large bowl has a touch of the Spanish, but it has been obviously decorated by a native hand under the guidance of a tropical imagination. The

MEXICAN URN MADE IN 1680
SPANISH INFLUENCE

luxurious flowering trees and the fanciful boat on which an airy figure blows a horn are hemmed all about by rare birds with the long tail feathers of the tropics. The bowl is in colors and was manufactured about 1750. One of the latest jars in the collection is the result of the Pueblan independence

after 1800. On a blue ground it bears decorations of yellow, green, dark blue and black. Its sophistication is evident but it is none the less beautiful.

Faience ware of a very high grade is still being made in Pueblo under the guidance of a Spanish gentleman from Barcelona.



WAR MEMORIAL

HERMON A. MACNEIL

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

ERECTED 1925



BLESSING THE BELLS

ALL SAINTS CHURCH, PETERBORO, N. H.

A SHRINE OF ART

ALL SAINTS CHURCH, PETERBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY AMY COBURN LYSETH

PETERBORO, New Hampshire, which has been the objective for art-students and the resting-place of tourists on their way through New England because of precious association or rare attraction, has added unto itself during these last years, the important although small sanctuary of All Saints. Those who enjoy that which the term "Early Gothic" implies, will delight here in the massive, gray pile, Norman tower, narrow lights deep-set with jewel-like glass, mystic, niched altars, dread crypt, Gothic carving, and sacristy containing old-world vestments with other churchly ornaments.

Here in Peterboro seems transplanted an

ancient, English, rural church, but with a difference. Under the hand of the skillful architect, Ralph Adams Cram, the awkwardnesses of mediaeval builders have been avoided, such as stuffy and gloomy interiors, illustrated by that of Iffley. In our edifice, there is light and spaciousness, movement and life although the style, Transitional Gothic, is always felt. Then too, the unity throughout, even in the color of the furnishings, is too consistent and elegant for a veteran of the mother-countries that has weathered the vicissitudes of a thousand years, the despoiling and arbitrary remodeling of successive generations. Substantially wrought of local granite, this place-of-wor-

ship promises to endure as long as any across the water. Yet to its furnishings, as to more perishable things, a hundred years may work change and disruption. Enjoy them while we may!

Let us enter the plain, recessed portal and pass up the nave. At the crossing, there is a complete view of the interior with its old-time wooden, trussed roof. The twin-arched lantern-wall, left and right, is supported by robust yet noble pillars and, on either side, behind them are single, miniature transepts. The chancel before us contains the choir-stalls and the bell-shaped apse beyond with the high altar. As the outstanding characteristic throughout the place is poise, the required contrast to the sobriety of the structure is supplied by the gaily colored stained-glass of Charles J. Connick.

Composed of graceful mosaics in close, small pieces of ruby, blue, and silver, it calls to mind those in Chartres and Bruges, seldom emulated on this side of the Atlantic. Throughout the nave, a purely geometric, oval design in accord with the rounding forms of the architecture fills the deeply spaded apertures. The borders to grisaille tracery sparkle palely or glow with bright bits of color. The ground is light outlined with dark. Of course there are modifications of the one motif in the tiny panes high in the transept-walls but the opposite windows in the Baptistery and the Lady Chapel repeat their pattern.

To the left transept, these windows add much as neither its chief feature, a front of local granite, nor the Children's Shrine, nor a seventeenth century Flemish tapestry, detract from them. Quite the contrary is true in the Lady Chapel. Recessed once again in the eastward wall to contain the chaste altar, above twin points of light, a deep-set Madonna window thrills the beholder with the wonder of its blue, echoed and reechoed by details of color scheme in the small apartment. This celestial azure composes the long robe of Our Lady while her head and The Holy Child are in the light, and light once more around the figures in the small, arched panel are the doves, the white roses, and other symbols of the Blessed Virgin. Such a blue is this, so varied in hue and in translucency, as to eloquently communicate the pure, serene vision of the Mary.

In two other places, the rose window and the apse, concrete ideas are expressed in the glass. An interpretation of Christ in Glory sheds a warm radiance from above the western portal balanced by the glass in the chancel, streaming florid rays over the pure but shining altar. In the three arched windows, here where the light of the entire sanctuary focusses, dramatic moments in the Passion of Our Saviour are graphically pictured, but with the thirteenth century conventions in groups of three medallions each. The plan of these resembles that of the typical window, but the chiaroscuro is reversed so that the structural lines, the figures within the circles and the delicate, singing, interlace borders are light against a deep-toned ground with flashes of green, purple, ruby, and orange beating through. No harsh, leaded lines, no obtrusive color-masses, no blurring of pattern to effect needed light, detract from the impression of equalized, mellow atmosphere throughout All Saints. To appreciate this changing loveliness, one must stay from dawn to dusk.

Attention is called to a small head carved on the newel post at the foot of the stairs leading to the minstrel gallery. It is a masterly bit, the imaginary portrait of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan and Patron Saint of Music. Rigidly architectural, it nevertheless suggests individuality. Kirchmayer has done the carving in this secluded shrine. Restrained, clear-cut, symbolic, and varied, it appears in turn on lectern, pulpit, choir-stalls, communion rail, pierced screen before organ, and finally, on the reredos.

The crowning task of the artist is the diminutive Adoration Reredos. Just above the altar, modelled like a cameo, is placed the exquisite decoration of gilded wood. A spirit, throbbing with joyful song and of blissful awe, emanates from this small rectangle. To the master, limitation of size but affords opportunity to express the more intensely this sweetly intimate and hallowed moment.

The Holy Family and Worshipful Messengers from Above occupy the central and largest of the five panels, next which at the right are Choring Angels and then Shepherds, while, in those at the left, are the Wisemen next the Holy Family, adjoining a Singing Group of the Celestial Host. In spite of elegance of conception and of treat-



INTERIOR, ALL SAINTS CHURCH, PETERBORO, N. H. CRAM AND FERGUSON, ARCHITECTS

ment, telling contrasts are present as in the glass, to depict a sufficiently realistic story.

The reredos is enframed by delicate, Gothic borders, designed with the same nicety of scale relation as throughout the piece. They are arranged to throw the five sections of the field far back, an effective

means to bring about at one and the same time, contrast, perspective, and most of all unity. Decided vertical lines of border, slender pilasters, between the divisions, set off one from another. These uprights together with the upper borders and the degree of figure-modelling of each successive



INTERIOR, ALL SAINTS CHURCH, PETERBORO, N. H. CRAM AND FERGUSON, ARCHITECTS

group diminishing toward the central angels create the perspective which focusses interest on the chief motif, the Mother and Child. The top border overhangs in an open-work canopy of shade to accentuate the upper portion of the carving while the lower is ornamented with faint lettering for the same

reason. Thus all possible lines including the musical scroll woven through the groups of choristers lead toward the Adored Infant. The Sacred Babe is stressed also by the contrasting degree of movement in alternating divisions. All figures seem animated. There is difference of action between the Kings and



ALTAR, ALL SAINTS CHURCH, PETERBORO, N. H.

the Shepherds. The self-possession of the former opposes the perturbation of the latter. But the heavenly songsters are vivacious in limb, head and hands. One almost hears the flutter of wings as one sees that of their garments. The rhythm of their draperies is borne along, arrested at intervals by that graver rhythm expressed in the vertical lines of the men's heavy robes in intermediate panels, to the rippling canopy over Mary where a pause, a hush, occurs in the rhythm of the design because of that faint modelling of the protecting angels and of increased size of panel. These angels are the culminating note of spiritual beauty in the whole conception, reminding in their spirit of that in the landscape-background of a "Young Raphael" painting. Both hint at a veiled and tender reality beyond that emphasized at the moment. The reredos, as the glass, is a supreme contrast to the sturdy architecture enshrining both like a huge matrix.

The little sacristy corresponds to a treasure-chest. Here are rich, priestly garments. Then there is an ancient processional cross from Sicily, the corpus on one side and the Holy Mother on the reverse. It reminds one of the preaching-cross over the pulpit in the outer church, a particularly valued possession. This was wrought by Nicholas of Bologna also called Nicholas del Arca. It is a gracefully poised and realistic figure in bronze, interesting because, for once, sweetness instead of anguish of sacrifice is stressed by an artist given to over-exaggeration. A carved baptismal shell from Jerusalem is shown which recalls the altar ornaments about the church, the bishop's chair of French Gothic, and, lastly, rare books of prayer.

Between the sacristy and the auditorium is a small hallway where narrow but substantial stairs lead down to the crypt or up to the belfry. Only the sacristy-bell from

Spain hangs in view. Bells have fallen from high estate in America so that these in Peterboro seem a striking innovation. They have been chosen and installed with all care and are of fine origin having been cast at the foundry of Gillet and Johnson of Croydon, England.

This carillon consists of a generous number, ten bells, graded in size, including its tenor bell, Christopher. This last and the sanctus-bell may be tolled by hand, but the peal is struck, controlled by electric motor. Christopher is a bell of high degree as the inscription cast on the rim indicates:

"I am called Christopher. I and my companions are placed here to the glory of

God and in Loving Remembrance of Charles Paine Cheney and his three children."

A further interesting explanation reads:

"The name Christopher is chosen for the great bell because the one in whose memory it is given was a lover of the water, and because the gift was conceived in the days when its donors were children."

So to the pitch of Christopher are all the other bells tuned. On a fair day, they were placed in a row across the sunny lawn for general inspection and for the first time in that out-of-doors cloister a ceremony took place, dating from The Middle Ages, that of symbolically washing, naming and blessing of these bells.



COURTESY OF WILLIAM FARMERLEE
THE PIONEER MOTHER

A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

TO BE ERECTED IN KANSAS CITY, MO.



SEAN O'CASEY

BY

AUGUSTUS JOHN

NEW CHENIL GALLERIES

See London Notes, page 496



PRINCESS BIBESCO

BY

AUGUSTUS JOHN

NEW CHENIL GALLERIES

See London Notes, page 496

THE MUNICIPAL GALLERY OF MODERN ART, DUBLIN

BY W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

ONE day, early in the eighteenth century, there was a somewhat stormy meeting of the French Academy. Certain of the members were concerned with exalting the works of the remote past and hurling contempt at everything modern. It was quite impossible, they contended, that any product of recent fashioning could be truly fine. "But do not trees grow as big nowadays," asked Fontenelle, "as in the times of Homer and Virgil?"

It is no part of the intention in these present pages to push to the extreme the analogy of the trees, and claim that the art of yesterday and today is comparable, say, with that of the Renaissance era. It is most certainly part of the intention, however, to commiserate those many people who abuse modern work as a whole. These people are not blameworthy for their attitude, considering that most public collections of recent art are calculated rather to illustrate what is poor in it than to show forth such merit as it has. The collections are generally formed by committees whose members do really seem to believe that the things worth acquiring are examples of popular painters and sculptors, whose creations are known to sell at dazzling figures. Entering the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin, it is straightway realized that beauty is here. Next, scanning the appellations of the artists represented, it is remarked that, if some of the names are extensively familiar, there are others which are hardly ever to be met with in the columns of the daily press.

If ever there was art which had its roots in the past, and yet was a charming novelty, it was that of the Scottish architect, Robert Adam, who died in 1792. There was no town where his influence was so powerful as in Dublin. And the house in Harcourt Street there, which is the home of the Municipal Gallery, is a beautiful example of the Adam mode, in interior decoration. At the close of the nineteenth century, Ireland experienced a remarkable quickening of her intellectual vitality, as witness the achievements of certain Irish writers then, whose

books in verse and prose are now world famous. In consonance, discussions were started in 1902 towards giving Dublin an assemblage of modern paintings, which discussions owed their origin to an Irishman, who was himself by profession a dealer in pictures. This was Sir Hugh Lane, a nephew of Lady Gregory, whose dramas are of those said literary creations today so widely esteemed. In 1904 a subscription list was opened, President Roosevelt being among those who sent a donation. Three years later, the Dublin Corporation having promised the funds for upkeep, the collections were installed in the graceful Adam rooms. Arthur Griffith was on the first committee of management, but Sir Hugh Lane was the life and soul of the adventure. It was primarily his taste and scholarship which made the new Museum so different from the bulk of analogous places.

In the National Gallery of Ireland, the most modern of the works date from the outset of the eighteen-hundreds. In planning the Municipal Gallery, the idea was that its treasures should begin chronologically, where those of the other institutions left off. Consequently, a rare little sculpture, which would seem to be a portrait of the Empress Josephine, is in likelihood the oldest thing in the house. The works are arranged, not according to schools but just so as to make each wall engaging. The two rooms on the ground floor, with the two above them, are consecrated to oil paintings. Irish, Scottish and English works are mingled here with French and Italian things, America being represented by two pictures by Sargent and one by Whistler. This last is an interior with figures, "The Painter's Studio"; the canvases by Sargent are portraits, the one of Lady Beresford, the other of Sir Hugh Lane. The two top rooms are set apart for water colors, drawings and prints. The conservatory of the house forms a miniature sculpture-hall; among its exhibits is a bust of Lady Gregory by Epstein. And the stairway may be called an Irish Valhalla, chiefly hung, as it is, with



MRS. HACON

CHARLES SHANNON

MUNICIPAL GALLERY, DUBLIN

portraits in oils of Hibernian notables. These works include a muster of canvases by Sir William Orpen, a masterpiece among them being the presentment of the Hellenist, Mahaffy. There are pictures of the writers, Katherine Tynan and Synge, both by John Yeats, who, the father of Mr. W. B. Yeats, spent the close of his life in New York City. And the Valhalla duly possesses a likeness of Arthur Griffith, from the brush of an Irish artist who is little known, Miss Williams.

What is good color? Is it not such as brings a sense of peace? Those who conceive of a fine modern gallery as a place where all is turbulent, screaming defiance to

the classics, need not trouble to make a pilgrimage to Harcourt Street. But if the rebels would scan art, say from the outset of the eighteen-hundreds backwards to the Renaissance era, they could not fail to mark that the masters, in each successive age, have wrought things which, like those of Robert Adam, are closely related to the earlier fine works, having nevertheless the interest of uttering an individual outlook. It is the glory of Harcourt Street that the pictures there surprise far less by their difference from those in the Irish National Gallery, than by their resemblance to them. To pass from the old collection to the new



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HARRISON

BY

GERALD KELLY

MUNICIPAL GALLERY, DUBLIN

feels almost like passing, from a chapter in a fine book, onwards to subsequent pages in the same. And it is mainly through the prevalence of good color at the new museum, the feeling of peace evoked by the general effect there, that the modern works reveal

"Finding of Moses," with its rich, glowing tones, it is felt that here is just what would naturally delight the youthful Swinburne, with his passion for richly colored wordcraft. Among the brightest laurels of America is that she manifested interest in Charles



SIR HUGH LANE

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

MUNICIPAL GALLERY, DUBLIN

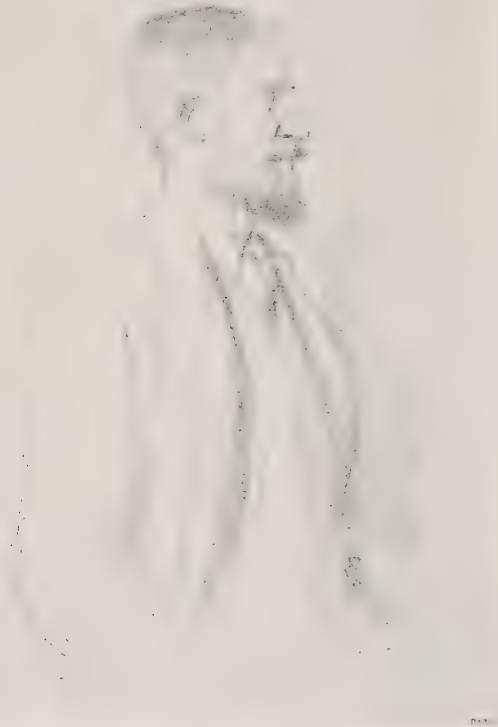
their consanguinity with the old ones. Which are the oil paintings, preeminent as showing relationship to the classics in their particular way, if not works by Watts and Simeon Solomon, Conder and Mr. Charles Shannon?

If much less has been written about Simeon Solomon (1841-1905) than about most of the men of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, to which he belonged in spirit although he was not actually a member, he was the subject of one of the first prose papers by Swinburne. The essay appeared in a college journal at Oxford when the great singer was a student there. And looking at Solomon's

Conder before the like was done in Europe. But there are still numerous devotees of the artist who scarcely realize that he worked sometimes in oils, his "Gondoliers" in that medium being one of the true gems of Harcourt Street. Mr. Charles Shannon is an Irishman, although he has lived little in Ireland. And his tasteful and diverse achievement notwithstanding, even now there are people who confound him with the popular painter who bears the same surname as he. Had the Municipal Gallery contained nothing fine save Mr. Charles Shannon's "Portrait of Mrs. Hacon" and his "Bunch of Grapes," the latter being a study

of a lady and a child, the Museum would still have been memorable. It is but a little while since it was common to make a joke of the sedate, domestic manners of the early-Victorian era. Nowadays, it is coming to be realized that what was laughed at as primness ought instead to be called a singular

not greatly interesting, was this not due to a perennial alertness in his mind, moments of mental lassitude being apparently quite unknown to him? Mr. Gerald Kelly, an Irish painter of today, reveals in two portraits a quota of Sargent's talent for simplicity. And if Mrs. C. J. McCarthy, an



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW BY WILL ROTHENSTEIN

MUNICIPAL GALLERY, DUBLIN

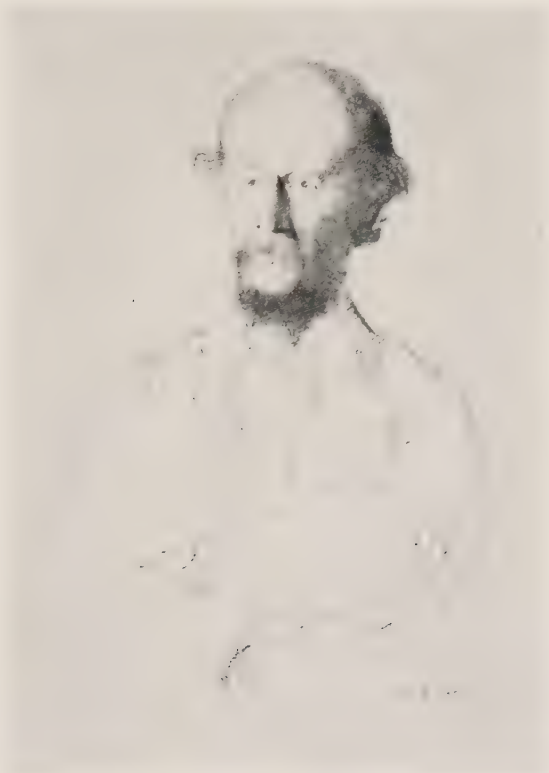
and excellent refinement. And the canvas by G. F. Watts as a young man, his "Portrait of Mrs. Huth," is a remarkable crystallization of the refinement of those years from which it emanated. A most gentle thing, composed principally of grey and violet, it is worthy to be hailed as a counterpart in painting, of the placid, ladylike verse of Tennyson.

Sargent's genius is not a difficult one to define. If he were of those very exceptional men who never produce anything which is

Irish lady who died lately, did indeed paint many things as good as her "Meditation," beyond doubt her name will be widely known and honored some day. This work is a portrait study of a girl in a blue dress, and it is among those things which confer on the Gallery as a whole its aspect of beautiful color. The Beresford portrait by Sargent contributes to that effect, as likewise do the landscapes by Mr. Wilson Steer, with one by Sir D. Y. Cameron. A big canvas by Mr. Augustus John, which depicts a group

of people by the seashore, is, in a sense, a triumph. Far from the artist's fancy was the subdued key of coloring wherein worked Sargent and Mrs. McCarthy, also Messrs. Cameron and Kelly. Employing brilliant tones, Mr. John has demonstrated well that these need not yield a glaring look, as they

the analogous feelings which were evoked in the lower rooms. For it is the top rooms, more markedly than the others, which afford opportunity of seeing fine things by artists only too seldom represented in public collections. Inasmuch as Constantin Guys was extolled by Thackeray and Edouard



SWINBURNE

BY WILL ROTHENSTEIN

MUNICIPAL GALLERY, DUBLIN

do at the hands of many, if not most, of their votaries today. He has created with those tones a beauty of a greatly exhilarating kind.

Leaving the oil paintings, and passing to the top floor, the gaze is soon held by chalk studies by Conder, also by one of his silk fans. Making further acquaintance with the assemblage of prints, drawings and water-colors, there rise in the heart feelings toward the men who organized the Gallery, which are even more reverential and grateful than

Manet, Theophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire, he should hardly be called recon-dite. Yet it would be necessary to quest through a large number of museums ere discovering a muster of water colors by Guys so good as the array in Dublin. If Mr. Gordon Craig is mainly known to the world as a most aspirational artist in stage decoration, if Mr. Sturge Moore chiefly through his writings in verse and prose, Dublin reminds that both these men are experts in fashioning the woodcut. Master as



MRS. HUTH

G. F. WATTS

MUNICIPAL GALLERY, DUBLIN

he undoubtedly is, Mr. Jack Yeats, a brother of Mr. W. B. Yeats, has hitherto won merely a narrow recognition outside Ireland. So it is satisfactory to find at Harcourt Street sundry of his water-colors—studies in the life of the Irish masses, his favorite theme.

What is good draughtsmanship? The question is one to which people are inclined to give strangely narrow answers. The bold and dashing drawing may be a very fine thing; so too, however, may be the precise, highly finished article; so, too, the rhythmic and graceful. Nevertheless, those who love the finished are apt to laugh at the bold; those who love the bold are apt to speak of the graceful as effeminate. Surely administration for the forceful, simple way

Mr. Yeats draws need not preclude homage to a graceful study by Sir William Orpen. And if Mr. Will Rothenstein has little of force or grace, perhaps good draughtsmanship ought to be defined as that which is expressive, and herein this artist is a virtuoso. Of people who, during the last thirty years, have gained distinction in the intellectual sphere, there is scarcely one whose likeness in monochrome has not been executed by Mr. Rothenstein. Time and again, he has expressed, victoriously, the temperament of men of high talent—stamped it on the paper. Time and again he has told the essential thing about his sitter, charging the portrait with just the element naturally looked for, considering the achievement of the person involved. And he has done this gloriously in the Dublin portrait of Swinburne. For what has he told here, if not that Swinburne had the divine essence usually and best symbolized by fire?

It is eminently desirable to imagine a jury of bygone masters at Harcourt Street. They have come because they have been informed that the Gallery affords a sound idea of many of the best qualities in modern art. Francois Boucher is delighted with the elegance of Charles Conder, and it is "The Bunch of Grapes" by Mr. Charles Shannon before which Van Dyck pauses long and fondly. He admits that he personally could never have created on his palette the exquisite warm pink of the lady's dress. And the great Fleming calls attention to the variety of tones which Mr. Shannon has attained in that one color. Velasquez is absorbed with Sargent; Hals and Rubens offer ardent tribute to Mr. Augustus John; they declare that his picture is done with a verve which reminds them of their own feats. Hastening to contend that this praise is too high, Goya goes on to maintain emphatically that the epic note in painting died in the early years of the nineteenth century. This criticism is opposed by Van Dyck, who holds that the epic strain was reached by Watts, although by none later than he. Eager to come to a decision on the point mooted by Goya, the jury gather round the work by Whistler. For they have heard that he was the most famous painter of his day.

Boucher is now once more entranced, declaring that this picture pleases him even

better than the Conders did. But Velasquez calls the Whistler slight, and the other judges find in it something which terminates their inquiry about the passing away of the epic. Treading the dangerous path of sweeping statement, they exclaim in unison that modern art embodies a wealth which is charming and tasteful with much which is infinitely clever, being, nevertheless, destitute of things with a lofty grandeur. The best of modern products usually tell of effort, continue the old masters, whereas in the output by ourselves there is a divine ease. In the classics of our making, they add, frequently it is as though the artist

had but smiled, and lo, the stately picture was painted, the noble image carved, the majestic building planned.

Beautiful place though it is, the present domicile of the Irish Modern Gallery is not regarded as permanent.* Depositing for a while at Harcourt Street his collection of pictures by the French Impressionists, Sir Hugh Lane subsequently had a quarrel with the Dublin corporation about the question of finding a permanent home for the Modern Gallery. Consequently, lending the said pictures to the National Gallery, London, he also made a will bequeathing them to it. In 1915, however, he gave his will a codicil, in which he revoked his bequest to London, leaving the pictures instead to Dublin. Soon afterwards, he perished with the *Lusitania*. The public meeting which was presently held in the Irish capital, with a view to recovering the Impressionist canvases, was advertised by a characteristic drawing by Mr. Jack Yeats, which will some day have a niche in the history of poster art. But Ireland still pleads in vain for the works which are rightfully hers.

It is never wealth nor martial prowess nor naval strength which makes a country truly great, honored among the nations. It is high adventure in some intellectual sphere; art or science, legislation or philosophy. Nor should it be forgotten that Ireland was the mother of art in the British Isles. In the early centuries of the Christian era, she was reckoned mighty through the works of her creation then, things in the so-called Celtic formula. It is cheering to be reminded by the Harcourt Street Museum what a quantity of really beautiful painting has been accomplished between the opening eighteenth-hundreds and the present day. And the formation of a collection which constitutes that reminder is a fine accompaniment to the exploits of recent and contemporaneous Irish writers. Will the Emerald Isle revive her ancient glories?

**This famous collection has since the writing of this article been placed in the Tate Gallery, London, and is at the present time the subject of "diplomatic correspondence" between the Irish Free State and the British government, the former demanding that it be promptly returned to Dublin.*

THE EDITOR



LADY LAVERY

SIR JOHN LAVERY

MUNICIPAL GALLERY, DUBLIN



SEAWARD

A PAINTING

TOM P. BARNETT

TOM P. BARNETT, ARCHITECT AND PAINTER

BY PAUL W. BROWN

TOM P. BARNETT, architect and painter, has revived the tradition of an elder day when the two arts were held to be adjacent provinces of one same kingdom, and no reason was perceived why an artist should not find himself equally at home on either side of the boundary. That Mr. Barnett has had no difficulty in getting his work in both kinds accepted by the public is attested by many buildings, commercial, educational, monumental, and domestic, in St. Louis and the principal cities of the southwest, and by a long series of first prizes awarded at Mississippi Valley exhibitions of paintings.

He stands in a good succession. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that to be a scholar a man should, as a child, have tumbled about in a library and become familiar with books as a stable boy is with horses. Mr. Barnett's training in architecture fulfilled this

basic requirement. His father—who, by the way, was a charter member of the American Institute of Architects—was a pupil of Sir Thomas Hine of London, and one of the first classically trained architects to come to the middle west. The son, from his earliest infancy, breathed an artistic atmosphere in which sound criticism was made the basis of catholic appreciation of all good work.

The effect of this early training is clearly marked on Mr. Barnett's career. Much that men less fortunate in their early associations have had to acquire by laborious technical training, he absorbed in early life without conscious effort. Inheriting his father's instinct for consistency of style and purity of detail, he has attained an ease and joy in composition rare in an age when, in the breast of many an architect, the artist goes down before the archaeologist, so



SOUTH AND EAST ELEVATION, FAUST RESIDENCE, ST. LOUIS. TOM P. BARNETT, ARCHITECT



MAIN STAIRWAY, FAUST RESIDENCE, ST. LOUIS.

TOM P. BARNETT, ARCHITECT

troubled about meticulous detail that the joy of creation withers and disappears. In Mr. Barnett's buildings the style is a garment, which expresses the spirit of the structure as an appropriate dress expresses the personality of the wearer. No one can glance even casually at the splendid Gothic interior of the Arcade Building in St. Louis, at the lion-guarded portal of the St. Louis City Club, or the soaring Louis XIV facade of the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas without realizing the presence of a spirit that rejoiced in its creative activity and saw the desired end so clearly as never to be troubled about the means.

As an architect, Mr. Barnett always treats his materials respectfully. He never designs in terra cotta, for example, because "they" are doing so; when he works in terra cotta it is because he has something to say that only terra cotta is fitted to express. He is one of the few living men who understand how to work in granite. Sometimes he follows Egyptian models, as in the Lorenzo Anderson investment banking offices in St. Charles Street, St. Louis. Again the loveliness of granite in Gothic detail makes the fourteenth century live again in his work, as witnesses the Busch mausoleum in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis. In either instance the material is employed with equal ease and equal fidelity to both its qualities and limitations.

Mr. Barnett's experience as a painter has enriched his architectural work. It shows itself in a freer use of color and an enhanced delicacy in the balance of light and shade.

His paintings have a structural quality which satisfies the eye. Accustomed to design buildings which must stand up against the steady downpull of gravitation and the impact of wind and tempest, being given strength and stability by the rational use of particular materials, his pictured buildings stand on their foundations; his hills and mountains tell the story of their structure to the eye.

His use of color is most interesting. The modern picture that is all climax is an abomination to him. He understands how nature, while lavish of color, loves to concentrate its glory at certain focal points or burning places in a landscape. So he uses his pigments. His color effects are built up as Nature builds hers, at those hours when the splendor of the

sunlight on a particular rock or tree or headland makes it stand out against its surroundings like a jewel against the garment of a queen.

Few painters have more lovingly studied or more successfully reproduced the intensity and purity of certain cold tones in landscape. On the stairway of the Missouri Athletic Association in St. Louis there hangs a picture of a wind-swept reach of ice-bound river, the blues of which have an unforgettable luminosity and purity. No one who knows Missouri's rivers in winter can look at that picture without feeling the icy air on his cheek and hearing the groaning of the tables of ice torn and wrenched by sullen tide and biting wind.

Mr. Barnett and his work constitute one of the creative forces in the contemporary art of the middle west.

The American Association of Cartoonists and Caricaturists—a recent and perhaps unique organization—has lately been formed in New York. The principal purposes of the Association are to provide a clearing house for those entering upon the profession, to encourage talent, and in other ways to assist in maintaining the highest possible standard in the quality of current production in this field. Eugene Zimmerman, dean of the profession in this country and one of the most widely known political cartoonists of the day, was elected president; Bud Fisher, first vice-president; Rube Goldberg, second vice-president; Edward McCullough, third vice-president, and Freeman H. Hubbard, secretary and editor of the official organ, *Cartoons Magazine*. Members of the Advisory Board include Albertine Randall, Chairman; Clare A. Briggs, M. M. Branner, Winsor McCay, Eddie McBride, Milt Gross, Pat Sullivan, Ed Wheelan, Bill Steinke, C. H. Wellington, Paul A. Broady and Manuel Rosenberg.

It is reported that a traveling exhibition has been arranged in Siberia under the auspices of the leading Siberian artists, to be shown in the principal towns of that vast northern country. The exhibition consists of paintings, engravings, drawings, sculpture, and articles of the applied arts, such as wood carving, metal work, embroideries, etc.



BANKS OF THE GASCONADE

CARL R. KRAFFT

AWARDED THE LOGAN MEDAL OF \$200, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, 1920
OWNED BY MR. L. L. VALENTINE

CARL R. KRAFFT

BY V. E. CARR

Our world is transformed; it has enveloped itself in a robe of glowing and glistening enchantment. Accustomed passages have become ways of wonder. The curtain of life as we know it seems to tremble and waver and gives forth a suggestion of drawing apart to display unsuspected and mysterious charms.

ACCOMPLISHMENT brings about a twofold interest. On one hand, professional attention is attracted; on the other, a multitude of little personalities and excitements of curiosity arrest popular observation. In every life, no matter how commonplace, exist dramatic contrasts. The effects of these are increased as character and personality gain strength. Again, such contrasts are reflected in the works of the individual. In such a way is set up the

logical sequence of cause and effect, as continued productions mirror the atrophy or development of the individual from the universal.

As every workman in the exercise of his art must provide himself with proper implements for the perfect delineation of the beauties of nature, the painter should have within reach of his brush every variety and combination of hue and tint. Not satisfied with a mechanically perfect equipment,



HICKORY CREEK

CARL R. KRAFFT

AWARDED MEDAL OF HONOR, THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA

however, he must also supply himself with the necessary mental and emotional perceptions capable of seizing and translating all the vital flow and rhythmic repetition of line as it occurs in nature.

Painting, if it be great painting, makes its appeal by a magical arrangement of line and color. It must be both symbolical and realistic. True realism in its philosophical and artistic sense has nothing to do with correct information; rather it expresses, by means of certain symbols, an experience of all humanity.

Carl R. Krafft seems to have adopted "the inhabitants of the earth and the world, my home," as his activating theme. Influenced by the restlessness of our contemporary ferment, he is rich in philosophical feeling and a comfortable assurance of the ponderable world.

Born in Reading, Ohio, son of the Rev.

Carl F. Krafft, and descendant of Adam Krafft, the German sculptor of the sixteenth century, many of whose works can still be found about the old town of Nuremberg, he has, perhaps, inherited something of the confused strength and obscure mysticism so typical of the Teutonic mind. This element, if it exists, however, stays well in the background of his conscious self, because his environment has served to give a vigorous point to his work. Retaining a touch of the lyric quality, the tendency to beautify and treat poetically is more evidenced in his earlier painting. Such a fact appears natural enough when his working conditions at the time are considered.

Starting his career as a commercial designer in Chicago, Krafft pressed steadily upward to an honored place in this field, which he held for a number of years until he could give all his time to his painting.



MISSISSIPPI NOCTURNE

CARL R. KRAFFT

AWARDED LOGAN MEDAL OF \$500, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, 1925

No art-school training was given him when he started as a designer of labels, but it was not long before he began to show himself the most rapid and efficient among his fellows. Ambition soon soared beyond this, but not before he had acquired the elements of composition through skilled craftsmanship.

First attempts at painting, imperfect and untaught as they were, showed the great vigor that always characterizes his work. Even at this time the keynote was the effort not to show merely the objects in landscape but the haunting beauty and mystery of the outdoors in its many and varied moods.

Although married at this time, he began to study at the Art Institute of Chicago. Then, becoming a member of the Palette and Chisel Club, he found new ideals and the kind of companionship that could further his aims.

The same force of personality that led

him to a decision so difficult to carry out has had a definite effect upon those associating with him. The most evident and lasting influence is the Art League of Oak Park, Illinois. This organization, at the very threshold of Chicago, has had an amazing growth and is in an unusually sound financial condition for any society having the fine arts as its principal *raison d'être*. Krafft, as its founder and first president, has seen it gain members until it could afford to lease a beautiful studio building, the former Oak Park home of Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, for a club house and permanent gallery. Krafft also founded the Society of Ozark Painters. While at school, after the fashion of young America, he probably was more strongly influenced by the people he worked with than by the older influences he studied under. Among his fellow students at the Institute were Anthony Angarola,

E. Martin Hennings and Eugene Savage. The last, who has always been one of his closest friends, with Leon Kroll, whom he met later, have, Krafft says, given him more sound guidance and inspiration than he has received from any other source. One can see that he has mastered the problem of composing his elements, while his planes are solidly built up with positive brush strokes that indicate the entire absence of indecision or uncertainty.

Krafft's own development has been entirely subjective. He has caught the spirit of the land in which he lives and expresses it in his own idiom, using the natural symbols that the country presents. These symbols are interesting things—wonderfully weather-beaten fences, old houses that have a feeling of oneness with the country in which they stand. Concerning one of these houses a tale must be told.

While on a sketching trip near Galena, Illinois, Krafft came to a turn in the path and stopped to paint. A little hut was visible over some clumps of brush, and some of the inevitable spectators hurried forward to tell the old man of the hut that his house was being painted by a stranger. After a long time, the old fellow came out and walked creakingly all about the house and then remarked that he guessed he couldn't have started yet.

The people in his pictures really can be classed with his symbols. They are the people of the countryside whom you meet at the turn of the road, down by the haystack, or skating on the pond over in the woods.

Returning to his earlier penchant for the lyrical treatment of landscape and the observation that it was but natural, the torment of spirit, caused by a wild longing to be free, must be considered. To desire to go where one wishes at the time one wishes and yet be bound down to using the very gifts that might bring one such joy for the purpose of creating nothing but things that some one else has demanded—to use one's originality to interpret another's thoughts, hell knows no finer torment, and thus is the creating force apt to be eventually destroyed.

Our enjoyment of art depends upon the satisfaction of two kinds of hunger—hunger for beauty and hunger for knowledge. Let what the Freudians call an emotional com-

plex be formed upon a frustrated hunger for beauty, and we get a lyric or colorist type of artist. One cause of this disappointed hunger for beauty may be the necessity of continually living and working in the grimy surroundings of industrialism.

To such might be ascribed the gradual change of influence in Carl Krafft's work, for his painting has moved forward from the abstractly conceived ideal to a warm realism, in which the ideal exerts a restraining influence, since he has summoned up resolution enough to emancipate himself.

He belongs to Chicago. It has been said that he is one of the few painters who, having been educated and trained there, have remained there to work. He has received nearly every medal and award that the Art Institute of Chicago has to give, and recently has been awarded the medal of honor at the Allied Artists exhibition at the National Academy of Design in New York. He moves with that vigorous group of middle west painters who strive to reveal the mystical beauty of the American landscape in typically American style. They have done much toward the awakening of the people of America in the last few years to the merits of our own country's offerings in all lines of art and of a deeper and clearer appreciation of the term, American painting.

Intensity, tonal values and their relation to masses and movement of line in composition are the prime factors in his art. His palettes for various well-known canvases take in atmospherically placid and low temperature adjustments that seem to be associated with objects extremely remote and unattainable, in which intense blues are opposed by splendid purple-reds of crystal clearness, while hues of intermediate intensity reinforce the dominant blue note, the whole rising from a ruddy neutral grey. From such a scheme he will move to one of alluringly rapturous temperature—lightly stimulating the senses and rendered in middle values. Others of subdued atmosphere and undecided temperature are inclined to be retiring, but possess potential strength. These are made up of intense oranges, constrained green-blues with rich, mellow hues emerging from pearly blue-grays.

Technically, his methods are less direct than are those of the moderns, but his planes are built up with a greater deliberation and



ALEX

CARL R. KRAFFT

AWARDED HONORABLE MENTION, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., ART ASSOCIATION, 1925

finer texture. Superficially, there is little of the modern suggested in the majority of his pieces, unless it be in the decorative quality of the brush-work.

If one is fortunate enough, however, to have seen one of his paintings in its initial stages, the massing and movement of the composition is so strongly accentuated that it suggests a pure abstract. Krafft takes the achievement of the ultra-modern as his starting point. From here on, he builds a wonderfully vivid story or a warmly expressive mood.

So preoccupied does he become in lovingly telling his story, once the matter of pattern has been definitely settled, that some of his work might almost be said to possess literary style.

Broad levels bordered with cloudy-looking woods stretch into diminishing perspectives

beneath great arched skies. Such impressions are fleetingly recorded while viewing a group of Krafft's landscapes.

Slender, gracefully sylph-like trees, dominated from the background by towering masses of solid-banked leafage that seem integral parts of the very earth from which they draw their existence. This is Ozark Palisades, a crescendo with modern feeling. These strong contrasts of nature are seized, throwing the elegant and the elemental into dramatic relationships.

Meadows of mist divided by low banks between dreamy hills and shadowed floods. Old trees that bend away toward forests, swelling out of morning hazes. These are not landscapes. They are translations from an old language, the language of the earth, of the hills, of the streams, and of the trees.

He is drawing together the influences of

the earth and the influences of people on the earth. This trend is easily embarked upon in the adaptation of figures, animals and houses to the more or less pastoral settings of "Gray Winter" and "Hickory Creek," but reaches its culmination in the massed processions of figures and the troubled steamboat jumble of "Mississippi Nocturne."

The last shows the nearly complete effacement of the earth's natural manifestations by man and his contriving. However, there is present a hint or feeling that as soon as man ceases his violent self-asserting,

Nature will quietly reassume the dominion of her own, with the resistlessness of time itself.

The sensitive play of vibration set up between the opposing notes of nature and humanity strikes a lighter note in "Recreation."

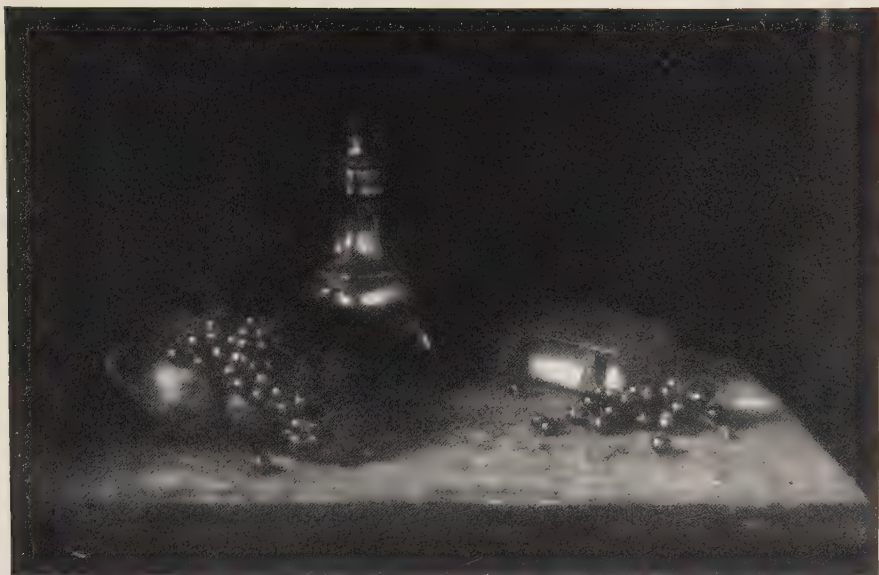
Passing from the intimate handling of nature by a gradual process of merged interest, Krafft is now approaching the intimate study of life in its elemental stages. The portrait of "Alex" represents the opposite end of the scale.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

HAIG PATIGIAN



STILL LIFE

A PHOTOGRAPH

MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS

PARIS SALON, 1904; VIENNA AND BRUSSELS SALONS, 1905

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

BY MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS

PICTORIAL photography has been my life's serious work, although I have jealously guarded my title of amateur.

Three years study of art in New York City, principally under William M. Chase, gave me the necessary foundation. Aside from this I had no especial preparation or talent, and the choice of photography as a medium of art expression was purely accidental. It was my brother who bought our first camera, and I was only a part owner.

The camera was still bright with newness when I started with it alone for a camp at the coast, and when the country people came from miles around and inquired for the "artist," I realized the responsibility of my position and felt many secret misgivings as the fact often recurred to my mind that I had never even seen the inside of a plate-holder. Although sparing of the plates in the holders, the dreaded day came when I was compelled to reload them. I obtained permission to use as a dark-room, the front

room of the only house within miles around, and with a company of friends repaired thither. I darkened the room as best I could and then placed a friend in front of each perpendicular crack in the wall, some of the most accommodating covering two cracks; but, alas, I could not hang my friends from the ceiling! My despairing glance about the room fell upon a heavy wooden bedstead. This I draped to the floor with bedding and, crawling underneath with my precious plates, I there solved the mysteries of the hidden springs of a plate-holder, with the aid of a smoky-red lantern. Thereafter I performed the mystic rites in my tent, and who but an amateur photographer of the olden days will ever know the agonies I endured underneath heavy blankets with a smoky little lantern.

I soon became really interested in my work and continued experimenting with both good and bad results and in a year or two won my first prize, a camera. This was an incentive to do even better work. In the



THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF

A PHOTOGRAPH

MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS

BOSTON, GRAND AWARD \$100, 1903; PARIS SALON, ROCHESTER AND PITTSBURGH, 1904; BUFFALO, ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, 1910

meantime, I had learned to do my own developing and printing, so was prepared. My first trip was into the Cascade Mountains of Oregon by pack-train, visiting places where a woman had never been. The scenery was wonderful, the mosquitoes immense, and I returned with a prize-

winning photograph and a number of others which were published the following year.

To the best of my knowledge I originated the amateur American-Dutch genre studies, my inspiration being Dutch paintings and some old Dutch garments over one hundred years old, heirlooms in the family of an



POLISHING BRASS

A PHOTOGRAPH

MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS

LONDON AND HAMBURG SALONS, AND SAN FRANCISCO, 1903; INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, THE HAGUE, AND PITTSBURGH, 1904; HARTFORD, 1906; BUFFALO, ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, 1910

aunt. There was a beautiful, old, brown silk dress, kerchiefs and caps. The dress you will notice on all my models of women, so simple in design it does not attract attention. The models look as if they really wore it, not simply put it on. This is my advice to a photographer. Don't "dress

up" your models. Many a fine picture is ruined because this is too apparent. The Child's outfit I made myself, except that in some cases the model wears an old Dutch cap. As for the interior, after studying Dutch paintings I took my own dining-room and made it over, and, except for the



HUNGER IST DER BESTE KOCH

A PHOTOGRAPH

MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS

PHILADELPHIA SALON, 1899

boards which I laid on the floor, the one side of the room stayed Dutch for several months. A rough cradle which I have used in many studies I laboriously sawed out and nailed together myself; two pictures of it brought me two \$100 prizes, so it paid for itself, besides teaching me some lessons in carpentry.

Right here may I say that, in all my work in photography for over thirty years, I have never possessed a real dark-room, so you will realize what a long-suffering family I have. Many a time the bathroom has remained darkened for nearly a week at a time, and any member of the family took a bath at the risk of being developed with pyro or fixed with hypo. I must also give my family credit for much patient posing. Why, my husband even grew a beard for me once, so that I might get a "Vandyke-like" study of him, but he looked more like a criminal instead, so I gave him up as a model.

Twice I have been fortunate enough to move into houses which had large barns on the rear of the lots. These barns contained

no animals, so I made them into charming art studios by covering the walls with burlap and adding two or three windows and a French door. Many of my studies were taken in these studios, which were not photographic studios in the accepted sense of the word.

About thirty years ago photographic salons were established in Europe and in this country and only photographs of high artistic merit are hung, so that this is the greatest honor a print may receive.

"Polishing Brass" or "At Work" was hung in the London Salon, the International Exhibition at The Hague and at Buffalo, also salons in this country.

"The Edge of the Cliff" was hung in the Paris and other salons. It received a first prize of \$150 and was the representative print of a "Grand Award" of \$100.

Twelve small negatives won for me a "Free Trip" from New York to Paris and return in 1900. This was a "Grand Award."

Perhaps my best known print is "Hunger ist der Beste Koch," which won a prize in London and in this country and has been

exhibited many times. The subject is my daughter. It was sold, without my permission, for advertising purposes and as a result was printed in heroic size, in colors, and displayed from coast to coast. While crossing the continent, I looked out of the train window and at almost every stop saw my little girl in striped yellow and black stockings decorating a billboard. This same picture was copied and sold as the original work of the proprietor of an art shop in California.

Besides the trip abroad mentioned above, I had the pleasure of taking a much more extended tour four years later, visiting European countries, also Egypt, Asia Minor and Palestine. This trip I paid for with prize money on my work in photography, and brought home about 200 small negatives which were made into lantern slides, many of which I tinted.

Not only genre and landscape have

claimed my attention, for I have also enjoyed doing portrait and still-life studies.

There is scarcely one of my prints but brings to mind memories of great effort and even tears. However, the resulting pleasure in their development, and in some cases success, has more than repaid me for putting into them a large share of my life's energy. I have tried to be a conscientious worker, endeavoring to produce wholesome pictures, with nothing uncanny or repellent. I am happy to have lived to see the day when pictorial photography is recognized as a Fine Art and hung in the same exhibitions with paintings and other works of art. This goal has been reached largely through the efforts of Alfred Steiglitz of New York City, the acknowledged leader of the Photo Secession, which organization stood for photography as art, and whose official organ, *Camera Work* was such an effectual example.

CARPET-MAKING IN THE PUNJAB

BY BIPIN K. SINHA

THE PUNJAB is noted for carpet manufacture. The carpets woven in this province are of two kinds, the pile carpet, generally composed of a woolen pile on a foundation of cotton, and the dari, or satranji, a pileless cotton fabric. The two types of carpet are entirely distinct.

The dari seems to be peculiar to India, a form of carpet unknown to other countries of the East. It is of great antiquity and is a form of floor covering indigenous to this country. The Punjab dari industry has no artistic interest. The designs consist for the most part of blue and white stripes or of stripes of red, blue or black. A clever workman can produce various shapes in a dari, such as squares, diamond shapes, etc., provided only that the figures of the pattern are not too complicated and made up wholly of straight lines. Probably the best work turned both in design and workmanship is today out in the jails. The work done outside is almost entirely coarse in workmanship, and very little attention is paid to design.

The manufacture of pile carpets is not an industry indigenous to India. Sir George

Birdwood conjectures that the industry was first introduced into India by the Saracens and from the evidence which is afforded by the designs employed, he argues that Persia was probably the country from which they introduced the handicraft. The writer of the "Ain-i-Akbari" mentions the fact that Emperor Akbar (who ruled India in the sixteenth century) introduced Persian workmen and started a carpet factory at Lahore. It is stated that the carpets made were of "wonderful varieties and charming textures" and that "the carpets of Persia and Turan are no more thought of." It is generally believed that from Akbar's time a large trade in Indian carpets came into being, and that the spread of the manufacture gradually extended over the whole of India. Mr. J. K. Monford, an American writer, has asserted that the system so grounded "was literally and figuratively inwoven with the family and civil life of the people."

Indian carpets were sent to the London Exhibition of 1851, when the attention of European markets was first directed to Indian carpets which led to a revival of

carpet weaving in the Punjab. The growing export trade in Indian carpets seems to have suggested the idea that the manufacture of pile carpets would probably afford a profitable outlet for the skill the workers possessed, skill not only in weaving, but also what was perhaps more important, in dyeing. In 1893, the Punjab carpet industry received a strong impulse from the exhibit of some Indian carpets at the World's Fair at Chicago. The result was the opening of a fresh market in America to the trade, and the effect on the volume of exports was at once felt.

The materials used in the manufacture of pile carpets are cotton, wool, pashmina, silk and hemp, exclusive of the various products used in dyeing. Cotton is the material originally used for the warp and woof of the Punjab carpet. Wool is never used for that purpose as is sometimes the case with trans-frontier carpets. Wool is the material ordinarily used for the pile of the carpet. Pashm is a downy substance growing next to the skin and under the thick hair of the Tibetan goat; the best kind is monopolized by Kashmir. Pashm is used, but to a very limited extent, for the pile of carpets. It is only used for those of the finest stitch and for such expensive work there is but a small demand.

Silk is used, to a still more limited extent than pashm for the manufacture of the most expensive carpets. It is woven on a silken woof and warp, the price of the carpet so made being about Rs. 150 per square yard. Such carpets are now only made in compliance with occasional orders. As a rule the pile is of silk, when it is used at all.

Hemp has been introduced of late years at some places for the warp of carpets—an undesirable innovation, sometimes attributed to European influence. The dyes used are almost entirely vegetable and of local manufacture. They are permanent. The best vegetable dyes when used with necessary skill are delicate in tone and permanent in color, while mineral dyes are apt to be both glaring and evanescent.

The pile varies from one-eighth to one-half inch in length. There is of course practically no limit to the length of the carpet which can be manufactured, but the breadth depends on the size of the loom. The biggest loom in the Punjab is 31 feet broad.

The quality of the carpet depends on the materials used and the fineness of the stitch. By a stitch is meant the piece of wool twisted round the threads of the warp. The work done at Amritsar ranges from a quality of 36 stitches to the square inch to 600 stitches to the square inch which is as fine as any Persian carpet.

In the Punjab the designs employed are either slavish copies of Persian originals or nondescript compositions, containing elements the most diverse, thrown together to suit the exigencies of fashion in Europe or America. In the jails, for the most part, accepted Persian designs are used; in the factories either these or patterns sent for execution from the buyer overseas. A very large part of the business done in several of the factories consists in carrying out the ideas of the decorators and very often a pure Louis Seize, a Flemish Renaissance, a Chinese, or even a Rococo carpet may be seen on loom in the Punjab.

The design for the carpet is drawn out in pencil to full scale on ruled paper marked out in square inches. The square inches are divided up again into as many squares as there are to be stitches to the square inch of the carpet. The draftsman shows great skill and freedom in copying patterns, enlarging them in most cases from a copy in very much less than full scale. The pattern when drawn out thus to full scale, is handed to another man (*talim navis*) with instructions as to the colors to be used. He marks the design so as to show the color of each stitch, and then taking line by line he translates the pattern on to a slip of paper (called *talim*) using a recognized symbol for every shade used (each slip contains 6 lines of stitches), and he reads, to a person with a knowledge of the symbols, so many stitches of red, so many of blue, so many of white, as the case may be. The *talim* is handed over to the weaver and *talim* for each weaver (each man has a breadth of 18 inches or two feet to weave); he fastens it up in front of him as he sits at work and puts in the stitches as they are shown on the *talim*. If, as often, in fact nearly always, happens, the two sides of the carpet are the same, then the weaver who is doing, for instance, the border design, while putting in the stitches himself, reads them out aloud for the weaver who is doing the same border on the other

side, and the latter weaves them under his dictation.

The bulk of the carpets made in the Province are woven for export and are therefore of a size to suit European and American needs. Such carpets are known as *kalin* or *ghalicha*, which is the Persian equivalent for carpet or rug.

The Punjab carpet at its best is a creditable production, its materials are good, its dyes are fast, its design appropriate, and its workmanship such that it will wear for generations. At its worst it is none of these.

But even at its best it is trade product and not a work of art. There is to be found in it nothing of the individuality of the weaver, nothing that tells the beholder of his daily life. The chief defect in the Punjab carpet, lies, as Mr. C. Latimer points out in the government report on the subject, in its want of originality, its lack of any national or local feeling. If it is not an original masterpiece, it is often a very respectable copy; and if it is not a work of art, it can at least be an honest and durable piece of merchandise.



EUGENE O'NEILL

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OF GAINS TOSSED ASIDE

As I pointed out years ago, and as others have often noted, we ought to make a more careful use of the words "modern" and "modernist."

Even the foreign politicians, with their labels of Right and Left, extreme Right and extreme Left, are less loose in their language than are some of us who write and talk of art.

Too often, current art criticism assumes that in architecture, the determined naiveté of the recent French Exposition pavilions is modern, while the accomplished simplicity of our Woolworth Building is not; that in painting, Derain and Picasso and O'Keeffe are modern, while Blashfield, Sargent, and Miss Beaux are not; that in sculpture, Archipenko and Brancusi are modern, while Saint-Gaudens and Fraser are not.

Such assumptions muddle things. Properly speaking, and in the broad view, Saint-Gaudens and Fraser are truly modern, while Archipenko and Brancusi are merely modernist. Blashfield, Sargent and Miss Beaux are modern, while Derain, Picasso, and O'Keeffe are modernist. Cass Gilbert's solution of a

steep architectural problem is modern, while the jig-sawed jazz plane trees of the Exposition are modernist, perhaps even modernistic; or, shall I say, modernisticated?

I believe that all our artists, both the academic and the modernist, as well as that vastly larger between-and-betwixt class upholding the happy medium, will welcome a more exact use of terms than has hitherto prevailed. However much we may object to labels, we surely hope to be found marching under the banner of our choice.

For myself, I see in our arts a clear distinction between modern and modernist; and (though I don't suggest it for others, as it might induce still further complications) I certainly feel some differences between modernist, modernistic, and what may be dubbed modernisticated; in other words, the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of modernism.

Now, I'm not trying to be a Dante, telling the world of the various parts of Hell reserved for the various sorts of sinners, and I don't want to be a beadle, hustling people out of the wrong pew. On the contrary, I'm merely pointing out that by the misappropriation of the word "modern" to the sole use of the modernists, Sargent and Saint-Gaudens and Blashfield and Miss Beaux and Cass Gilbert are being hustled out of their right pew. This doesn't matter as much to them as it does to us, and, above all, to the morale of the bright young bystanders watching the game.

For these bright young bystanders, the art students of our time, are today, through the precepts and examples of some of our modernists, being defrauded of their whole rich inheritance in the arts. That inheritance is the noble body of tradition, gathered together at a great price by their ancestors, through long, slow stages of human development. Youth is wronged, we, too, are wronged, when the glorious gains of the race are tossed aside as worthless.

"If you really want to study sculpture," cry the new guides, "scrap Scopas; pitch Praxiteles into the ash-can! Forget your Greeks and Romans, and your Renaissance marble-cutters of simpering Madonnas, and give yourselves up to the more energetic charm of African sculpture, the one true school. For genuine inspiration, whether of head, hand, or foot, go to primitive negro

art, living source of modernism! And if you want to paint, not dally with the Renaissance. What was Raphael but a mere painting cake-eater, with a pretty taste for something he called composition? As for Da Vinci, he is at best but a mongrel, a feeble imitator of the original African spirit."

Such outgivings would be negligible, but for the known fact that they are being listened to, and with reverence, by many of the more credulous and ignorant of the younger generation, thirsting for fantastic new drinks from supposedly new founts. Those most in need of protection from polluted springs are always the very ones who drink the deepest at them, and, so, broadcast infection.

African sculpture is but one sample of the various stones modernism offers instead of bread. It is but one spoonful in the mess of modernist pottage. Surely no person of sense has any especial slant against African sculpture, *per se*; it is interesting enough in its own ethnological niche, and indeed as art expression. It is not for me to say

We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits.

But is it not true that those who linger too long in the caverns of the goblins become in the end fatally unmindful of the beauty, the harmony, the radiance of life in the higher, non-goblin world? And is it not true that this fatal insensitiveness to beauty is the creeping blight most to be dreaded in the art of any country? Already in many lands much of what might have been the fairest fruit of art is speckled over with the decay caused by this same insidious indifference to beauty and to harmony.

There is indeed a brighter side to the situation. There always is.

At a little dinner-table of the rich, chance lately placed me between a modernist art editor and a modernistic manufacturer of rayon-mixture lingerie, if you get what I mean. Wealth, thought I, knows strange tablefellows! No doubt they thought so, too. Call them Mr. Ray and Mr. Rayon. Both were thoroughly likable gentlemen; both announced themselves as self-made men. And self-made they truly were, up to a certain point. But I presently discovered that in each, the final stage of development, the modernist attitude, resulted not so

much from causes within themselves as from pressure outside themselves. Mr. Ray, the art editor, declared (I trust falsely) that he had no interest whatever in any of the art of the past. He was all for the new, and for the work of the young. It was the policy of his paper to cater to the younger intelligences. And anyway, didn't I think the young ought to be considered first? I did indeed, I replied. There, at least, I could enthusiastically agree with him.

Making a note of the fact that Mr. Ray's modernism was somewhat a matter of policy and loyalty, and so, as one might say, only paper-deep, I listened next to Mr. Rayon, of rayon-mixture lingerie fame. Mr. Rayon revealed himself as not only positively modernist in his tastes, but superlatively modernistic; and he gloried in the same, as one expecting persecution from me and my like. Bit by bit, however, he told me how it happened.

He himself had had youthful longings for art, but had been cruelly deprived of early advantages. On attaining wealth, he resolved that his only son, born like himself with artistic yearnings, should have all the most modern opportunities that money could buy. Mr. Rayon believed in advertising. Apparently, he even believed in what the advertisers said. And modernist art, both among the art critics and the art dealers, was advertised much more than any other kind. There *must* be more to it! And so, always by the advice of his son, who was just out of college and knew a lot of regular fellows who do art criticisms that have real pep, he was getting together a little collection of modernist pictures.

Oh, yes; it was something of a gamble! Just now, Matisse and Picassos were a little beyond what he wanted to risk, but he hoped that later—. He spoke most feelingly of Mlle. de Laurencin's pale, noseless heroines, and had no use for Mona Lisa. Anyway, he went by what his son told him. The only reason why I didn't then say to Mr. Rayon that he was evidently furnishing the gold, and his son the alloy, was that I didn't think of it. And when he asked me, almost wistfully, whether I agreed with him in believing that the young should be considered first, I said, "Yes, most assuredly."

Here, then, was at least one point on which three different minds, Mr. Ray's, Mr.

Rayon's, and my own, were in full accord. The young first! Some such accord is at least one bright side of the situation. From some such agreement, the opposing camps may adjust some of their minor differences. But, as long as certain modernists, in what they call their "triumphant new re-valuations of art," give the blue ribbon to African sculpture, Indian totem poles, and the like (with a sidewise rap at Raphael and a sneer for Saint-Gaudens), I fear that they will have difficulty in proving the true apostolic succession of the brotherhood.

ADELINE ADAMS.

GEORGE INNESS, JR.

George Inness, Jr., the son of the distinguished American landscape painter, and himself an artist of international reputation, died on July 28, at his summer home at Cragmoor, New York.

Mr. Inness was born in Paris in 1853 and lived much of his early life abroad. He received his artistic education principally as a boy from his father in Italy, though he later studied under Leon Bonnat in Paris. Although in the shadow, as it were, of his father's genius, he determined early in life to win a name for himself through his own efforts, and his ambition was more than realized. His work is well known in this country and abroad, and stands as a lasting testimonial to his high artistic sense and his sincere desire to show to the world some of the beauty which he found all about him.

In 1895 he exhibited for the first time at the Paris Salon and was awarded Honorable Mention. Three years later he was awarded the Salon Gold Medal of the third class, and the following year was made an officer of the Academie des Beaux Arts. Shortly before receiving these honors, he was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design in New York and in 1899 a full Academician. He was awarded silver medals at the Panama Exposition in Buffalo in 1901 and at the Charleston Exposition in 1902. In the latter year he also received the gold medal of the American Art Society in Philadelphia. He was a member of the Society of American Artists, New York, the Artists' Fund Society, New York, the Lotos Club, the Boston Art Club, the Salmagundi Club, and a life member of the American Federation of Arts.

Though primarily a landscape painter, the artist had in recent years executed a remarkable symbolic painting entitled "The Only Hope," the purpose of which was to assist in establishing peace among nations; and a series of three large paintings, in triptych form, illustrating the Twenty-third Psalm, the latter for the decoration of a Church in Tarpon Springs, Florida, where he made his home during the winter.

In addition to his attainments in the field of painting, Mr. Inness was the author of an interesting and enlightening biography of his father, which has been widely read.

The artist was not only a member of the American Federation of Arts but one of its most valued friends. His loss will be keenly felt by all those who had the good fortune to count him as such. A comprehensive article on his life and work was published in June, 1925, issue of this Magazine.

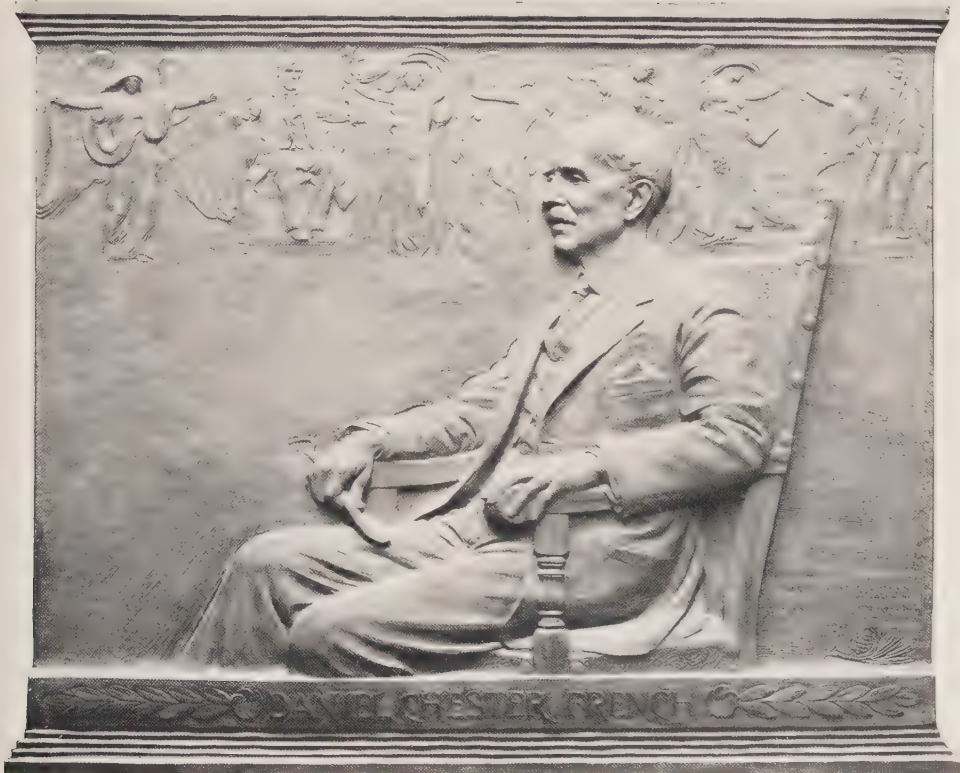
NOTES

PORTRAIT
RELIEF OF
DANIEL
CHESTER
FRENCH

A portrait relief has just been completed of Daniel Chester French, eminent American sculptor, by his pupil and former assistant, Evelyn Beatrice Longman Bachelder, N. A., which will be first shown at the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

It is an admirable likeness of Mr. French, and shows the distinguished sculptor seated in lifelike pose. To those who know him, the likeness is remarkably fine and convincing of one who occupies a foremost place in the realm of American art.

One of the most interesting features in the composition is the background of the frieze in which reproductions of a number of Mr. French's masterpieces appear. These include the Melvin Memorial at Concord, Massachusetts, the group entitled "The Sons of God saw the Daughters of Men that they were Fair," in the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C.; "Africa," on the New York Custom House; "The Angel of Death and the Sculptor," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; and the "Minute Man" at Concord, Massachusetts, and the sculptor's well-known statue of Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.



RELIEF PORTRAIT OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH. EVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN
(BACHELDER) N.A.

TO BE SHOWN AT THE SESQUICENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This is a likeness of Mr. French which will live. It is notable for its simplicity in treatment and for its strong characterization. The portrait is more than a literal presentment of the subject, for it reveals something of the inner character of the sculptor—a naturalistic portrayal in relief of one of our most distinguished leaders in the realm of American art. A portrait of a sculptor of high ideals, who has never faltered in standing for the best in art, and who is represented by many notable memorials in this country.

Mrs. Bachelder, who is known in the art world as Evelyn Beatrice Longman, is a pupil of Mr. French and a member of the National Academy of Design. She is noted for the beauty and grace of line expressed in her figure work. She is to be felicitated upon her latest achievement, this portrait in relief of Daniel Chester French.

—C. H. D.

THE
INTERNATIONAL
JURY,
CARNEGIE
INSTITUTE

The Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, has recently announced the names of those who will compose the American Advisory Committee for its Twenty-fifth International Exhibition to be held this fall. They are Wayman Adams, Gifford Beal, Howard Giles, Charles W. Hawthorne, George Oberteuffer, Helen M. Turner, and Walter Ufer. This committee will not only select the American artists to be invited to send paintings to the exhibition but will also act as a jury to pass on the paintings submitted by these artists. For the latter purpose it will meet in New York on September 10 and in Pittsburgh on September 21.

Three of the members of this American Committee—Charles W. Hawthorne, Gifford

Beal and Howard Giles—will serve on the Jury of Award for the exhibition. This jury will also include three European artists whose names will be announced at a later date. This jury will meet in Pittsburgh on September 22.

Homer Saint-Gaudens, the Director of the Department of Fine Arts of Carnegie Institute, has but recently returned from Europe, where he has spent three months selecting the paintings for the European section of the exhibition. During his absence the assembling of the American section has been directed by Mr. Edward Duff Balken, Assistant Director.

One of the notable features of this Twenty-fifth International Exhibition will be a one-man showing of the works of Augustus John, the well-known English artist.

The exhibition will open on October 14 and continue through December 5.

AT THE ART
INSTITUTE OF
CHICAGO

The Art Institute of Chicago is showing at the present time, in addition to its summer exhibition of works by contemporary American painters, a series of one-man exhibitions, principally the work of artists of the middle west. Seven painters are here represented and one sculptor. They are Elmer Forsberg, who shows canvases painted in Finland; Frances Cranmer Greenman, a Minneapolis artist who shows largely portrait studies; Birger Sandzen, the Director of the Art School of Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas, who is represented by a group of characteristic western scenes; William S. Schwartz, a Chicago painter and a frequent exhibitor at the Art Institute; Irving K. Manoir, who shows scenes painted in and near Taos, New Mexico; Flora Schoenfeld of Chicago, who is represented by a number of paintings of French and Spanish subjects, and Glen Mitchell, who includes in his exhibition a group of water colors painted in Venice, Rome, Paris and other European cities. Mr. Mitchell has recently been awarded the John Simon Guggenheim scholarship for European travel and study. John David Brein, the well-known sculptor of Chicago, shows approximately twenty-five sculptured portraits and fifteen figures in the round and in relief, also a number of medals.

In striking contrast to these group exhibitions is the collection of paintings by old masters which is being shown in adjacent galleries at the Art Institute. This includes the work of such painters as Rubens, Titian, Jan Steen, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Cuyp, Van Dyck, Hals, and Israels and affords interesting opportunity for a comparison of the present day art of this country and that of the past.

In the Print Galleries of the Museum, there has lately been shown an exhibition of etchings by Anders Zorn, selected from the representative collection of this artist's prints presented to the Art Institute some years ago by Mr. Wallace L. DeWolf, one of the trustees of the institution. The showing embraced a wide variety of subjects and was particularly interesting on account of the many etchings of notable men and women which it included, among them Anatole France, Auguste Rodin, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Prince Paul Troubetskoy, the Crown Princess Margaret of Sweden, Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Mr. Frank G. Logan, Honorary Vice-President of the Art Institute, was honored by the French government on the occasion of the seventy-ninth commencement exercises of Beloit College, Wisconsin, in June. At that time the French Vice-Consul in Chicago conferred upon Mr. Logan the insignia of the French Academy for the extensive research work in the auregnacian deposits of southern France and in the French possessions of northern Africa which Mr. Logan financed for Beloit College, and in which extremely valuable relics of the art of primitive man of 75,000 years ago were discovered. Many of these relics were brought to this country and are now in the Logan Museum at Beloit.

The monument to Pere Marquette by Hermon A. MacNeill which has lately been erected in Chicago through the B. F. Ferguson Monument Fund of the Art Institute, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on July 20. On this occasion Mr. Cyrus McCormick, Jr., Vice-President of the Art Institute, presided and officially presented the monument to the West Park Commissioners. At the time that the erection of this monument was under consideration, approximately fifteen thousand school chil-

dren of Chicago signed a petition to the Art Institute, urging that the decision be a favorable one.

The great fountain now being erected in Grant Park, to be given to the city of Chicago through the generosity of Miss Kate Buckingham in memory of her brother, Clarence Buckingham, a former trustee and benefactor of the Art Institute, is well under way. It will stand in a garden 600 feet square, with four minor pools surrounding the central fountain. Three fountain basins, one above the other, occupy the center of the main pool, measuring approximately 300 feet across. The height of the fountain will be about 25 feet above the level of the park. On the outer area there will be four enormous pairs of double sea horses projecting water into the central basin. These are now being modeled and will be cast in Paris by Mr. Loyau. The construction of the fountain is being carried out by Bennett, Parsons and Frost of Chicago.

One of the galleries on the main floor of the Art Institute has recently been designated the "New Acquisition Room." This marks a new departure in presenting to the public, in addition to important recent acquisitions, a number of valuable objects of art of museum quality, which friends of the Art Institute or of other museums, are invited to consider for purchase and presentation, or to acquire for their own private collections. Two of the most interesting of the objects now to be seen in this gallery are marble fragments from the collection of Dr. Jacob Hirsch of Geneva, Switzerland, one a high relief of a young fighting warrior, a Hellenic work of the second century B. C. These works were found in the harbor of the port of Salamis, and are heavily encrusted with sea shells, which have become so firmly attached to the marble that they appear to have been chiseled there by the sculptor.

The Repertory Company of the Goodman Theatre of the Art Institute gave a series of five plays in St. Louis early in the summer in the beautiful outdoor Garden Theatre in that city. The series included "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "Don Juan," and "Everyman." So enthusiastically were the plays received that on several occasions the attendance numbered as many as 2,500 per-



"IRON"

BY FRANK L. KAROLEWSKY

EXHIBITED IN THE CRANE COMPANY DISPLAY IN THE POWER PLANT EXHIBIT OF THE SESQUICENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

sons, and arrangements have been made for a return engagement in St. Louis next season.

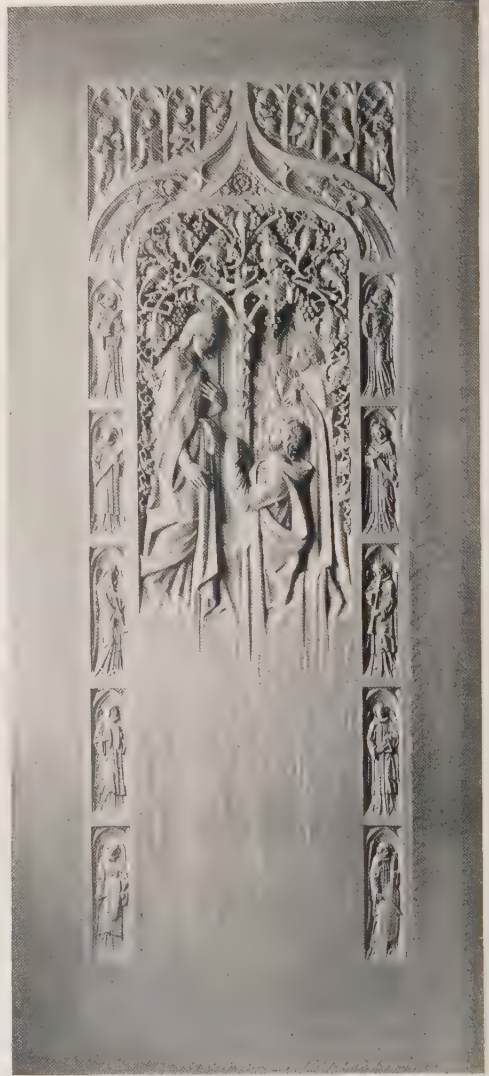
ARTS AND
CRAFTS IN
BOSTON

The Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston and New York, recently announced an exhibition to be held next March in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. It will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the first exhibition of handicraft in this country, displayed in 1897 at Copley Hall, Boston. The Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, the first in America, was organized just following the exhibition with the purpose of stimulating a crafts movement in this country similar to that in England which had as its prime influence William Morris.

The vision of the founders is attested today when societies of arts and crafts are to be found in all parts of the United States, and in such diversified places as Baltimore, Los Angeles, Detroit, New Orleans, Providence and Boston, many organizations maintaining display rooms and sales shops for the work of their craftsmen. The exhibition next March at The Museum of Fine Arts will doubtless surprise many who are unaware of the quality and extent of work being done in this country. After the Boston display, it will be taken to other leading cities. J. Kirchmayer, a charter member of the Society and a staunch believer in American handicraft, has recently exhibited at the Boston Gallery of the Society a sacristy door, made for a church at Birmingham, Michigan, the gift of George G. Booth, Detroit art patron. It is one of several pieces of American handicraft that will enrich this church through the generosity of Mr. Booth. The door is a study of St. Thomas done in American Gothic and is one of the finest things which has come from the hand of this veteran wood-carver. A collection of silver by Porter Blanchard of Burbank, California, was recently shown in the Boston shop. Mr. Blanchard has developed a characteristic style of his own based on Colonial traditions, but undoubtedly strongly influenced by the less conventional standards of the West. There is a frankness and sturdiness about his work that is refreshing indeed. Several pieces included in a collection which took first prize at the California Made Exposition at Los Angeles in April were included in the Boston display.

Another member of the Society, Frank L. Karolewsky, has an interesting symbolic study in forged iron exhibited at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition in the Power Plant Exhibit. Iron and its influence on the progress of humanity is depicted in this excellent study, wholly original in design and workmanship.

An interesting community experiment has been worked out by permanent residents of Marblehead, Massachusetts. An association known as The Marblehead Arts Association functions throughout the year and has painter, craftsman and lay members. Frank Gair Macomber is president. The craftsmen are organized into a guild and the



DOOR FOR A CHURCH AT BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN, THE GIFT OF GEORGE G. BOOTH
CARVED BY J. KIRCHMAYER

painters, sculptors and print-makers have formed what is known as the Painters' Group. Literary and musical guilds are also under consideration. During nine months of the year, the organization sponsors lectures and concerts, free to the public, but in the summer its activities are concentrated in two excellent exhibitions, the first, in July, devoted to the work of the Painters' Group and the second, in August, made up of the handicraft by the Craftsmen's Guild. This

summer cash prizes were awarded for the high water mark of execution, based upon group displays by craftsmen and artists. Awards to the Painters' Group went to Miss M. Bradish Titcomb, first; Mr. Francis J. Flanagan, president of the Group, second; and Mr. Harry W. Powers, third. The larger exhibition of craftwork on view during July, consists of the Burnham wrought iron, jewelry by Frank Gardner Hale, pottery by Arthur Baggs, and needlework by Mrs. Harriet Mosher.

A. W. K.

LONDON
NOTES

Unquestionably, the most important art event of the summer in London has been the opening of the new

Modern Foreign and Sargent Galleries at the National Gallery of British Art, which were opened by His Majesty the King, accompanied by the Queen, on Saturday, June 26. The new rooms now available consist of three galleries for Modern Foreign Art and a gallery for the works of John Singer Sargent on the main floor, which, with the five ground floor galleries, have been erected as a gift from Sir Joseph Duveen—the bequest of a group of Sargent portraits by Mr. Asher Wertheimer having led Sir Joseph to provide for their hanging and housing; while in 1924 Mr. Samuel Courtauld gave the generous donation of £50,000 towards the purchase of modern foreign paintings, which has already resulted in the acquisition of twenty paintings, while other works by Corot, Courbet and Monet have come in through the activities of the National Art Collections Fund, and by gifts from Sir Robert Witt, M. Rosenberg and others. We have, therefore, now opened to the public three large and well-lighted rooms on the main floor, filled with modern work, mainly of the French school, of first interest, besides the world-famous Sargent portraits; and on the ground floor his water-colors are of no less absorbing interest.

The artists who come before us specially in Room XI—"Erected" (says the legend over the door) by Sir Joseph Duveen, MDCCCXXVI," are Renoir, Pissarro, Degas, Puvisde Chavannes, Rousseau, Sisley, Boudin, Claude Monet, Corot and Manet—all painters of individual character, and who have great critical interest. A great deal

has been written in recent years on their merits and demerits; but, putting all this aside, and looking at them here from a fresh, a purely detached point of view, what strikes one at once is the extraordinary brilliancy of their work in landscape. Here Boudin, Sisley, Pissarro with his "Printemps," Theodore Rousseau in his "Moonlight" with its exquisite grays and silvery lights, Corot with his superb "Palace of the Popes at Avignon," above all Claude Monet, with the radiant luminosity of "Vetheuil, Sunshine and Snow," which came out of the Lane bequest seem to interpret nature from a new point of view. Auguste Renoir comes before the London public on the very day I am writing these notes with a special exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, which cannot fail to add to our knowledge of this interesting painter; but he is not badly shown in these new rooms of the Tate Gallery. Born in 1841, as a student at the Beaux Arts, he met Monet and Sisley, and with them and Degas and Pissarro fought their battle in the Impressionist Exhibition of 1874. Coming back from Rome and Naples, later he tried to concentrate on drawing, and this period—up to 1890, is known as his "tight" period, though later he returned to the free handling of his youth. He was nearly eighty when he died, and practically paralyzed, but worked up to the end—it is said with a brush strapped to his wrist. He is at his best here in "La première sortie," a young girl in the theatre, painted about 1880, which came here from the Courtauld Fund; and in the brilliant scene of movement, "Les Parapluies." His "Nu dans l'Eau" seems to me with all its charm of color, weak in drawing, lacking the clear accentuation of the bony structure in the nude—of hip-joint, knees, ankles and wrists—to which the old Florentine Masters rightly attached such importance.

My space here forbids me to follow further these fascinating artists of the French movement in the "fin-de-siècle," and I must leave them here, only venturing to suggest that I should be sorry to have to sit upon the famous Van Gogh "Yellow Chair" in Room XII, much less to live with it; but I must devote a little time to the Sargents, worthily installed here. The whole of room XIV is practically devoted to the oil paintings by this great modern master, in whom

both England and America claim an equal interest; and certainly this room gives a magnificent display of his portraits, even though the Wertheimer family—from Asher Wertheimer to his sons and daughters, married and unmarried—dominate the scene in a wonderful series of family portraits. We get away from them in the famous portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, of Lord Ribblesdale, another full-length, of Mrs. Charles Hunter, of Lady Sassoon, a work which I remember admiring in the Sargent display of our Royal Academy; and below in the well-lighted basement rooms we find those marvelous water-color studies—of Venice especially—by this artist which fetched such astounding, but not unmerited, prices at Christie's last spring. These new rooms at "the Tate" are an indispensable visit to the American art-lover, and worth the journey by bus, tram or taxi to that most inconveniently located gallery of modern art.

The picture show which has created the strongest interest in this finish of the London season is that of the paintings of Augustus John, A.R.A., combined with those of Gwen John, at the well-arranged New Chenil Galleries. Augustus John has now at length taken the place due to his exceptional talents among our portrait painters; and the present display—in such portraits as those of Princess Bibesco, of the Japanese poet, Gonnoske Komai, of the "Lady with a Violin"—who is actually Mrs. Fleming, and whose portrait here is a harmony in old gold—of Hugh Spencer Walpole, whose likeness arrived late, but in time for the King of Spain's visit last week, of the writer Roy Campbell and the Irish poet and dramatist Sean O'Casey, author of the brilliant and successful "Juno and the Paycock," are of supreme interest to students and admirers of the artist's creation. Gwen John, his sister, though less before the public, has merit in such paintings as *Mère Poussepin*, and "The Pilgrim" in her later gray manner.

At this point I break off to include in these notes a very interesting gift to British art by Mr. Charles Rutherston, consisting of modern British paintings, drawings and sculpture, which is being opened to the public in the Manchester Gallery at the very moment I write these words. The City Art Gallery of Manchester has, I understand,

£2,400 a year to spend on buying pictures, better off than the Tate gallery itself, and the present donation includes works by John Wilson Steer, Conder and others. Mr. Rutherston has made it a special condition of his gift that sections of this collection should be sent on loan to other galleries; we seem at last in this country (where we move slowly) to be catching on to the idea organized so effectively by the American Federation of Arts.

S. B.

Two important art events of major interest took place during the month of July—the restoration of the fine old colonial house, Mount Pleasant, bridal home of Peggy Shippen—and the completion of the sixteen murals by Violet Oakley that will be installed in the Supreme Court Chamber of the State Capitol at Harrisburg after their display in the law room of the Pennsylvania State Building at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition.

The murals present a pictorial history of the development of the Law from earliest times to the present day, and are grouped about eight main themes which Miss Oakley characterizes as notes of the law scale, and lists as Divine Law, Law of Nature, Revealed Law, Law of Reason, Common Law, Law of Nations, International Law, and again, the end as it is the beginning of the sequence, Divine Law.

Much of the material, historical and literary, for the murals was derived in Oxford libraries, the interior of the library at All Souls' College and the statue of Blackstone figuring in the murals.

The general arrangement of the sixteen panels is that of some ancient illuminated scroll. Each picture, representing some decisive step in the progress of the Law, illustrates a text chosen from the writings of great students of the law. The emphasis is thus primarily literary.

The first panel resembles the title page to some ancient manuscript with the monogram of the Law, its letters intertwined and designed with Cherubim and Seraphim in red and blue, the red symbolic of Divine Love and the Blue of Wisdom, thus further carrying out the monogram through the stressing of the L and the W of the word Law.

Among the panels are those of Moses with his fiery tablets, Christ peacefully preaching to his people; Justinian and his completed code; Blackstone and his pupils, and at either side panels centering about John Marshall in the Supreme Court, the Equity panel of the State of Pennsylvania, and approaching the present state of the Law in the panel devoted to the conferences in the Peace Palace at the Hague, with the destruction of armaments as a step nearer the final acknowledgment of Divine Law.

Mount Pleasant was opened to the public July 4 with a loan exhibition of furniture of the period. The general style of the furnishings is Chippendale, and many of the fine pieces recall the supremacy of Philadelphia as style dictator and producer during the eighteenth century.

In architecture and appointments Mount Pleasant gives an excellent conception of the country mansion of its time.

Among the interesting pieces shown are a pair of rich old orange damask curtains from Richmond Hall, Philadelphia, the gift of R. Ball Dodson, brother of the Philadelphia painter; a splendid silver service, and the beautiful Lowestoft china used by Colonel Wadsworth's family to entertain General George Washington and General Rochambeau. The fine old Girard sofa is as interesting historically as artistically.

A special collection of decorative motifs has been loaned by Howard Reifsnyder for simultaneous display in the print room of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Memorial Hall. Fiske Kimball, director of the Museum, supervised the restoration of Mount Pleasant undertaken by the Commissioners of Fairmount Park.

Among the furnishings shown are examples of the art of such early American masters as William Savery, Jonathan Gostelow and James Gillingham.

In addition to the house and its furnishings, the fine old garden has been reconditioned and planted with flowers and shrubs characteristic of the eighteenth century.

During the past month the University Museum has placed on view for the first time the Peruvian collection gathered by the late Dr. Farabee and others, and constituting one of the finest collections of its kind in the country.

The arts of ancient Peru were many, as

shown in the display, and embraced sculpture, painting and textile design and execution, the artistic bent being turned mainly toward utilitarian ends. The water jugs and jars are particularly interesting in design—some modeled in the shape of gods or animals, others brilliantly painted.

Designs for textiles are most intricate in color and composition. Some of the pieces show yards of figurine tassel-like tape, with tiny figures, sometimes human, sometimes of birds and flowers, knitted or crocheted in the round. Experts claim that all modern weaves were known to the ancient Peruvians, and many interesting pieces in the Museum's collection bear out this contention.

Other acquisitions to the collections of the University Museum are a Greek vase of the Krater type, the gift of Sophia Cadwalader and dating back to the sixth century B. C.; a sacrificial bowl of the Incas; and the collection of Negro sculpture from the Quinn collection of modern art purchased by Dr. Gordon, director of the museum, at the auction of the Quinn collection in New York. There are eighteen pieces, all of wood, including masks and statuettes.

Two flying figures by the Philadelphia sculptor Carl Heber surmount columns at the entrance to the Sesquicentennial Exposition, while the Philadelphia sculptors Samuel Murray and John Bateman are still at work upon other sculptural features.

An exhibition of the graphic arts, including fine examples of old drawings, modern paintings in various media, wood blocks and prints, engravings, etchings, lithographs, and pictorial photographs has been installed in the U. S. Government Building at the Sesquicentennial Exposition.

DOROTHY GRAFLY.

Mrs. Henry Mottet, a distinguished woman painter of New York, has recently held an exhibition of her paintings at the Jean Charpentier Gallery in Paris attracting much favorable notice on the part of the public and the press. The collection included landscapes, figure paintings and portraits, notable in the latter class being a portrait of the Right Reverend Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Bethlehem. Not only were there enthusiastic reviews of the exhibition in the Paris daily press, but

AN AMERICAN
IN PARIS



"EN VACANCES" (VACATION PORTRAIT)
BY MRS. HENRY MOTTET

an appreciative article in the *Figaro Artistique*, all remarking particularly the vivacity of color displayed in the paintings, and the artist's happy mode of expression. The art critic of the *Paris Times* commenting upon the exhibition had the following to say: "As an artist Mrs. Mottet has an unusually good color sense and her canvases are a witness to her taste in the choice of color schemes and the massing of shades to exhibit the mood or meaning of her subject—Her portrait of a young man entitled "En Vacances" may be said to set the tone of the present exhibition. Most of the paintings are in a sense *en vacances* in their tranquil happy, holiday mood."

Mrs. Mottet has for some years taken a prominent part in the art activities in New York, having been for two years President of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, and serving at the present time as Curator of Painting and

Chairman of the Committee on Exhibitions of the Museum of French Art. In 1918 she was decorated by the French Ministry of Fine Arts with the order of an officier d'Academie. In addition to her many attainments in the field of art, Mrs. Mottet is well known as the wife of the Reverend Dr. Henry Mottet of New York.

PARIS NOTES An engraving of the famous Mona Lisa (La Joconde) in the Louvre has never been officially made until now. Ordered finally by the French government, this work has been done by M. Dezarrois, who is the father of the assistant-director of National Museums, and himself winner of a Prix de Rome. The engraving has been made, after four years of work, for the Chalcographie of the Louvre, which contains the official reproductions of the masterpieces in the Louvre—sold, as visitors know, at re-

markably low prices. When one considers the marvelous collection of reproductions in the Chalcographie, and the prices asked for them, one is always astonished to see so few people there. Is it because this official picture "shop" is not, after all, so well known as it should be? The French are better at producing fine things than they are at advertising them.

It seems surprising that the da Vinci picture, of which private enterprise has circulated innumerable copies, should have waited so long for official reproduction. It is true that M. Gaillard began this task some time ago, but died before it was completed. The present work, by M. Dezarrois, is exceedingly good, and the celebrated smile is rendered in a masterly manner. The engraving is now on view in the Salon.

The death of Mary Cassatt at the age of eighty-five has elicited tributes to her glory, and recognition of her appreciation for French art, in the press here. She had not worked since the war, suffering from defective sight; but about three years ago there was a charming exposition of her beautiful canvases. Her friendship with Degas and Manet had shed some influence on her work in her early years, but what was "cruel precision" in Degas' art became tenderness in hers. One critic writes: "All is youthful, fresh, vivacious in the art of this spontaneous and refined painter. . . . She is sure to live always in the grateful memory of those for whom her art evoked the most moving poetry, that of infancy, of maternal love, of the home, of happiness."

At the Galerie Dru, Madame Louise Ochsé has been showing a few sculptures, decorative figures and portraits, which please and inspire respect. She is especially successful in her portrait statues of children, which are fresh and truly interpretative. At the Galerie Allard a young American sculptress who has won recognition here, Miss Eugenia F. Shonnard, exhibits some superb, powerfully expressive busts of Red Indians, studied from life, and some sympathetically interpreted animal figures.

The well-known impressionistic painter, Berthe Morisot, exhibits at the Galerie Dru a very garden of watercolors and drawings which charm by their limpid coloring and tender lines—as someone said "as fresh and luminous as bouquets." And the Spanish

painter, J. M. Sert, is showing at the Jeu de Paume Museum (Foreign School Annex of the Luxembourg, in the Tuileries Garden) his splendid mural decorations for the Vich Cathedral in Spain.

A Picasso exhibition, at the Galerie Paul Rosenberg, is striking and instructive. As I have had occasion to say before, Picasso is not only the inventor—with Braque—of cubism, but a great designer. Cubism was only a method of investigation on his part, a striving to express art in a new language, a means to an end. This collection consists almost entirely of still life subjects. They are supposed to replace tapestry as wall decoration in immense halls and—like the geometric patterns of Mussulman art—to produce an impression of serenity. The subjects are dishes of fruit, busts, guitars, animal masks, fishes, etc. The coloring is not violent, but composed of delicate shades of blue, green, rose, brown, and black and white.

There is no end to the expositions. There was not long ago an exposition of paintings by physicians, more recently the works of politicians, including M. Clementel, who is a good artist (fancy American politicians capable of exposing their works of art), railroad men have exhibited their pictures, and now a child of eleven years of age is showing her little canvases at the *Galerie d'art contemporain*. She is Dinah Indenbaum, and she has a sense of color some adults might envy; for the rest, her watercolors are childlike in design, inevitably suggesting some of the pictures we see in the Salon des Indépendants! We are reminded, however, that Dürer made an admirable portrait of himself at the age of eleven.

Students of Parisian life who regret the old Bohemian epoch of the Latin Quarter and its students, so changed in our days, are charmed with the exhibition in the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève (Sorbonne), where old lithographs, engravings and prints, old MSS. and books, revive the romantic days when student life was easy and full of charm, as Henry Murger has pictured it in his "Vie de Bohème." There are some remarkable prints, among them Gavarni's series of "Etudiants," and Daumier's, which are true historical documents of student life. The exhibition goes back to the Middle Ages. Nothing remains of the ancient

Sorbonne except the chapel which holds the wonderful monument to Richelieu, and it is interesting to examine these old prints of the Latin Quarter before the Panthéon was built.

The important exhibition of Italian books and manuscripts at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in the Pavillon de Marsan (Louvre), and in the Bibliothèque Nationale, has been made possible by the courtesy of the King of Italy and Signor Mussolini, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who is admiringly quoted in the Paris press as having said, when asked if he would be willing to risk sending some of his treasures to Paris for this show: "All the best things I have!" There are more than five hundred books on view, printed in Rome, Venice, Ferrara, Milan, Florence and other Italian cities from the fifteenth century on. There is the first book printed in Italy, in 1465, by the press of the Subiaco Monastery, "De Oratore." The first book printed in Rome, in 1467, was Cicero's Letters, and this was soon followed by the works of Caesar and Virgil. There are the first editions of St. François d'Assise, and marvelous bindings from Venice. The one hundred and seventy manuscripts, with their rich coloring, compose "a world of ancient beauty."

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

IN ST. LOUIS The City Art Museum showed for a month beginning July 20 the collection of about 400 works selected from the recent Paris Exposition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Arts by the American Association of Museums, which is making a tour of the leading museums of this country. The collection had previously been shown in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit. It included objects from six nations—France, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Sweden and England, and covered practically every branch of applied art.

Eleven paintings by St. Louis artists are included in the twenty-first Annual Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists to be shown at the Museum from the 1st of September until the 15th of October. This exhibition, the most important American art show during the year, is made up of not more than 100 paintings representative of every section of the country. An out-of-town jury

composed of John W. Norton, Allan E. Philbrick and Elmer A. Forsberg, all instructors at the Chicago Art Institute, selected the local work for the exhibition on July 27. Thirty-four St. Louis artists submitted sixty-six paintings, but only one painting of each artist could be chosen. Eleven artists were selected whose paintings were thought by the jury to be worthy of space in the exhibition. The choice was interesting because of the new names which appear and the small number of artists who are usually represented. Last year another jury selected twenty-three paintings by local artists. The list of artists whose work was selected and the titles of their paintings are: Tom P. Barnett, "A Touch of Fall"; Eugene F. Barth, "The Old Homestead"; William Bauer, "Winter Day"; Oscar E. Berninghaus, "Peace and Plenty"; Sheila Burlingame, "The Costume Model"; Kathryn E. Cherry, "Hotei"; Augusta Finkelnburg, "Old Beech Tree"; E. Oscar Thalinger, "Landscape"; Florence B. Versteeg, "Still Life"; Robert C. Wright, "Still Life"; and Frank Nuderscher, "The Eads Bridge."

A feature of the summer series of story hours for children at the Museum was the demonstration of "Summer Sketching" by Gustav F. Goetsch. It was intended to show the children the equipment of an artist, and how he uses his materials and his thought to create a painting. It created much interest among adults as well as children and brought an audience of 214. By a sort of drawing of lots two children were given the sketches made at the demonstration, and the artist won much admiration and renown from his youthful observers.

M. P.

ITEMS

Giovanni Romagnoli, a well-known Italian artist, has accepted an invitation from the President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology to become a member of the faculty of the Institute at the beginning of the fall term as Visiting Professor of Painting in the College of Fine Arts. This engagement has been made possible, it is announced, through Mr. Romagnoli's acceptance, also, of one of the three foreign memberships on the Jury of Award for the Carnegie Institute's approaching International Exhibition of Painting to open early in the autumn.

Mr. Romagnoli is one of the most distinguished of the younger Italian painters. He has been a frequent exhibitor in the International Exhibitions held in previous years by the Carnegie Institute, in one of the most recent of which he was awarded the Medal of the Second Class for a painting entitled "After the Bath." He has also won numerous awards in exhibitions held in the principal cities of his own country. His engagement at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, it is understood, will continue through the months of October, November and December.

The president and directors of a well-known steamship company of Quebec, Canada, made public announcement recently of the completion of a decoration by Cory Kilvert for the salon of their new steamship *Northland* running from Montreal to Newfoundland. The decoration takes the form of an illuminated map, seven by eleven feet, of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and lands adjacent, and has interest, not only as a work of art but as a historical document. It depicts, by a series of illustrations, all the important discoveries and events in that part of the New World, from the time of Eric the Red (986) to the siege of Louisburg (1758). The latter part of May, the map and other decorations by Mr. Kilvert were shown at the Anderson Galleries, New York.

The Public Library of Utica, New York, showed during the months of July and August an exhibition of recent paintings by Henry S. Eddy. The collection included scenes from France and Italy, painted by the artist during the past year while traveling in Europe, also landscapes and marines painted along the New England coast. Among the paintings included in the list were a "Street Scene in Ravello," "An Archway in Sorrento," "Church of William the Conqueror," and "Surf at Nantucket." This is the second time that paintings by Mr. Eddy have formed the summer exhibition of the Utica Public Library and Art Gallery.

The Society of Mystic Artists held its second annual exhibition in the galleries of the Broadway School building in Mystic, Connecticut, from August 5 to 25. The

collection comprised oil paintings, sketches and works in sculpture by members of the Society. Included in the membership list of the organization are Carl Lawless, William Starkweather, G. Albert Thompson, Kenneth Bates, G. Victor Grinnell, Murray Bewley, Nat Little, W. Sherman Potts, and Stephen W. Macomber, not to mention all. The recent showing covered a wide range of subjects and proved no less notable than the former exhibitions of this Society.

Union College at Schenectady, New York, has lately received a munificent gift from its treasurer, Mr. Frank Bailey, for the erection of a building to house the Department of Arts. The proposed building, which will be called Bailey Hall, will be erected at a cost of between \$125,000 and \$150,000 and will cover a foundation area of 60 x 120 feet. The gift to the college is made by Mr. Bailey in celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as treasurer of that institution.

A new lecture has lately been added to the list of those circulated by the American Federation of Arts. It has come from Sweden and is by Johnny Roosval, Professor of Art at the University of Stockholm, Sweden. It treats of Mediaeval Swedish Sculpture from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries and describes the religious images created during that time in a most interesting and scholarly way. Forty-four slides accompany the lecture.

J. Arthur MacLean has resigned the directorship of the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis, his resignation to become effective December 31, 1926. Mr. MacLean has served in this capacity for three years and a half, during which time the activities of the Art Institute have been widely extended and its usefulness increased. Previous to assuming his present office, Mr. MacLean was assistant director of the Art Institute of Chicago. He has also been closely associated with the Cleveland Museum of Art and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. He is at present secretary of the Association of Art Museum Directors, chairman of the Art School Committee of the Federated Council on Art Education, and a trustee of the Indianapolis Children's Museum.

BOOK REVIEWS

ART FOR AMATEURS AND STUDENTS, by George J. Cox. Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, New York, Publishers. Price, \$5.00.

The author of this book is a member of the teaching staff of Teachers' College, Columbia University, and his approach to his subject is scholarly and well considered. In his opening chapter on Art and Life he says: "An appreciation and enjoyment are not to be had for the asking; pleasures must be earned before they can be tasted." In the following chapters he points out certain immutable laws and endeavors to establish definite standards. First he defines beauty, then he discusses line, space, light and dark; next he takes up rhythm, balance, opposition, and art structure; finally, using specific examples, he applies these principles to architecture, sculpture and painting.

At least half of the book, however, is given up to a series of plates, illustrating the theories set forth in the earlier chapters. There are twenty-six plates, each of which has an accompanying page of explanatory text. Doubtless such a book as this helps those who know what they like to give a reason for their conviction.

CATALOGUE OF OXFORD PORTRAITS, by Mrs. Reginald Lane Poole, F.S.A. Vols. II and III. The Oxford University Press, Publishers.


How few among the many who visit Oxford are aware that in its colleges there is a vast number of notable portraits, not a few of which are of great interest as works of art. These portraits have been admirably catalogued by Mrs. Reginald Lane Poole, and so abundant is the material that the chronicle occupies no less than three volumes of over three hundred pages each. These portraits are mostly of the founders and benefactors of the colleges. Probably the earliest is that of Bishop Richard Foxe, by Joannes Corvus, who went from Bruges to England about 1520. The fashion for possessing a painted portrait of the Founder only became general in the last decade of the sixteenth century, but demand from that time for one hundred years resulted in the assemblage of a remarkable collection. The fact that many of the painters were


comparatively little known does not signify. It is the works of such capable craftsmen that go to make up a historical record of utmost significance.

SYMBOLISM FOR ARTISTS—CREATIVE AND APPRECIATIVE, by Henry Turner Bailey and Ethel Pool. The Davis Press, Worcester, Mass., publishers. Price, \$5.00.

Mr. Henry Turner Bailey is the Director of the Cleveland School of Art and of the John Huntington Polytechnic Institute. For many years he was editor of the *School Arts Magazine*. Miss Ethel Pool is Instructor in Symbolism, Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio. The book is dedicated to those "who suspect that fine art may be more than a mere synthesis of lines, spots and colors." It is a handbook and dictionary especially purposed to clarify the thinking of the student and to enrich the life and the art of our time by making available in concise form reliable information as to the use of symbolic motifs in the art of the past in order to encourage such use in the art of our own day. The illustrations are gathered in a separate section and comprise both notable examples of symbolic art and drawings of common symbols.

The summer exhibition at the Sweat Memorial Art Museum in Portland, Maine, is composed of oil paintings by five Maine artists—Charles R. Patterson, W. Wallace Gilchrist, Abbott Graves, Alexander Bower, and Walter Griffin. Mr. Patterson, who is well known as a painter of ships and the sea, was represented by a group of four characteristic paintings, all of which were lent by Mrs. Constance Cushing Bessey of Waban, Massachusetts. Mr. Bower, who is, by the way, Director of Fine Arts for the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia, showed nine paintings, principally landscapes, which were also generously lent by private owners. Mr. Gilchrist's group included eleven works, the majority of which were portraits. Mr. Graves showed four paintings and Mr. Griffin two. The exhibition opened July 10 and will remain on view until September 15. Charles R. Patterson held a one-man show of paintings of famous ships at this museum last year.

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IN THE NEW YORK GALLERIES—OCTOBER

One of the joys awarded to city dwellers and visitors is the sense of a new season beginning not ending with the waning of summer in the country with all evidence of a dying season there, while in town there is the resumption of activities; one by one the galleries open with new exhibitions, and as color fades out of doors more and more is shown within. At the time of going to press not all the galleries had opened or had completed their plans for fall exhibitions.

A print exhibition of particular interest is announced by the Knoedler Galleries, 14 East 57th Street, for this month. A group of Zorn's etchings will be shown, including fine proofs of the "Toast," "Renan," "Waltz," some of the nudes, a number of his earlier studies.

An exhibition of miniatures will be on view at the Ehrich Galleries, 36 East 57th Street.

The Milch Galleries, 108 West 57th Street start their fall shows with a gay one of wood block prints in color by Gustave Baumann. On the 26th of the month John Carlson will show some landscapes, and it has been whispered that he has been working hard this summer finishing some new large scenes which are to be included in this exhibition. Running concomitantly will be an exhibition of water colors by Alice Judson.

The Kraushaar Galleries, 680 Fifth Avenue, in addition to paintings by American artists, will have on view a group of recent etchings by Nevins.

This month Scott and Fowles will open new galleries on the fifth floor of the building at 680 Fifth Avenue.

The Kennedy Galleries, 693 Fifth Avenue, will introduce the work of an English artist, Charles Cain, who is little known in this country, showing a group of his drawings and etchings, scenes of Egypt and northern Africa.

At the Gallery of P. Jackson Higgs, 11 East 54th Street, there will be exhibited from the last week in October to about the middle of November a notable group of newly discovered paintings by Frank Duveneck, amongst them one of his rare landscapes, a silvery gray view near Oberpolling near Munich, where Duveneck used to go to sketch in the open; also included is the one called "The Music Master," which shows a certain general likeness to the great composer Franz Liszt, and which is considered one of Duveneck's most important portraits.

At the Grand Central Galleries, together with the general showing of paintings and sculptures, may be seen a one-man show of paintings, chiefly oriental figures, by Hovsep Pushman.

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The pencil drawing which is reproduced as a frontispiece to this number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART was executed by Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres in 1815. It represents the family of the son of Guillon-Lethière, at that time director of the French Academy in Rome—the Villa Medici, to which Ingres was then attached. M. Guillon-Lethière is pictured standing, Mme. Guillon-Lethière seated with their child in her lap. "There is," as a writer in the Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, to which the drawing now belongs, says, "an air of happiness about all three. Ingres has perceived and expressed with profound intensity this bourgeoisie contentment and has done it with so delicate a sensibility and so perfect an art that what might easily have been a sentimental tableau or a virtuous lithograph becomes a scene which is completely human."

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